

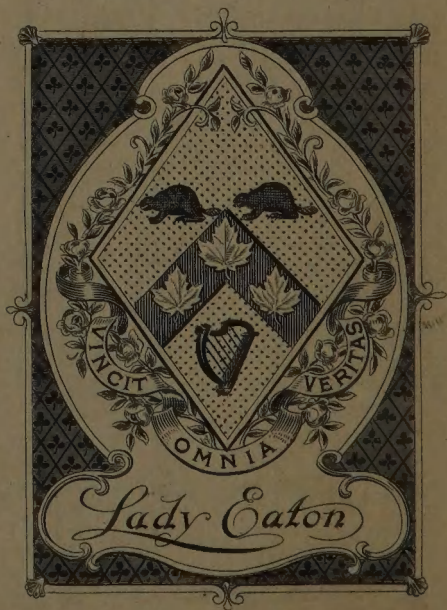
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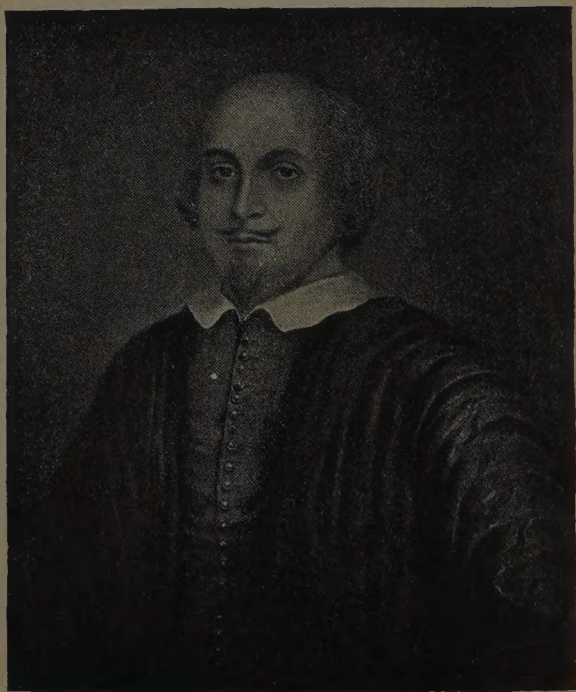
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SHAKSPEARE.
(The Stratford Portrait.)

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
CHARLOTTE PORTER
AND
HELEN A. CLARKE



VOL. XII

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE
VENUS AND ADONIS
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE
SONNETS
POEMS



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EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹ *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.

2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4^r. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

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CONCERNING the supreme Englishman of Elizabethan England, it is impossible to construct an adequate personal history built solely out of facts of accredited record.

Yet only an indubitable biography bare of tradition, colorless of dazzlement from the light exhaustlessly burning in Shakespeare's writings, can fulfil the modern desire for sure knowledge of the events in Shakespeare's life.

The impossibility of much assured knowledge grows naturally out of ■ primary fact — social habit in Elizabethan England. Since into the scope of this fact Shakespeare was born, it becomes significant, incidentally, at the outset, to see that it directly affects the question of such biography as the modern mind desires.

The utmost possible appreciation of the genius of Shakespeare in his day, here and there, among the more advanced minds, or generally among the people with whom he lived, could not greatly change the way of life then belonging to the people as a whole. That way of life led them to be incapable of exact facts even about the titled and official personages for whom they greatly cared. It led them to care nothing in particular for any facts about ■ commoner, an actor and writer of plays. Only rank, office under state or church, and landed property insured a man any precise current rec-

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ord. Hence it was natural, and not yet grown so remote and uncommon that it need be declaimed against, that Shakespeare's external life remained traceable chiefly through legal documents as to his personal emotions, and through haphazard mention as to his artistic achievements. It is not surprising, nor is it necessarily a mercenary sign in him, that memoranda as to money matters multiplied toward the close of his life, as he more and more emerged, because of his artistic success, from the vagueness naturally encircling him as a playwright of genius into the prominence naturally attaching to him as an Englishman of property.

It is through no uncommon happening to the son of a rising English tradesman that the birthday of that baby of world-wide homage, William Shakespeare, is not a matter of record, but that his christening day is. The pervading importance of the church as an English institution lends the light by which he first is seen. The earliest parish register of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire — a thick folio of vellum bound in metal-edged leather, wherein were transcribed in 1600 and later the entries of baptisms, marriages, and funerals in the parish — still holds one page whose fourth line from the top, written in church Latin, has come to be of eminent interest:

1564. 'April 26. *Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere.*'

The next actually certain and indisputable record extant directly and personally concerning Shakespeare himself follows eighteen years later — his marriage.

In the absence of light upon his boyhood and youth which is not borrowed from interweaving a series of traditions, dating a century or so later, with facts concerning his family, and with inferences that are more or less matters of individual judgment, it seems best

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here to separate from Shakespeare's story these traditions and inferences, and to place all that remains—the facts of record—in order, leaving them to betray what they may of the pathway of his life.

Such mute and meager but trustworthy marks along his trail are like the impersonal traces only here and there remaining to indicate, to each silently observing eye, which direction a boyish singer took whose voice and glance once meant the utmost vividness possible to young life.

The same volume holding the entry of Shakespeare's baptism contains two prior entries of the baptism of children of John Shakespeare: Jone, September 15, 1558, and Margareta, December 2, 1562. The funeral of Margaret is set down in the following April, but whether or not a six-year-old sister Jone was left to greet the baby brother when he came into the world cannot be certain, since, although the church register fails to record Jone's death, it records later the birth of a second Jone, and as no other notice of Jone I remains, she may have died either after or before William was born.

Silences like these in such records reveal the necessarily incomplete nature of the evidence which yet must be clung to if what measure of sure knowledge of the Poet is left standing after three intervening centuries is to be sifted out of the darkness of the past.

The parish of Aston Cantlowe in Wilmecote, where Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, lived as a girl, had apparently not even begun to keep registers either carefully or carelessly when she and John Shakespeare were married. But property of as substantial a kind as her father, Robert Arden, husbandman, and his father Thomas, also a farmer, possessed, does not

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fail to entitle the Ardens to more detailed and certain documentary record than remains of their poorer neighbors, the Shakespeares of Snitterfield, from whom John Shakespeare sprang, and whence he came to settle in Stratford, leaving his father Richard and brother Henry there employed in farming.

When Robert Arden of Wilmecote and his father Thomas were assessed for one of the subsidies levied on his subjects by Henry VIII, they were two of the four men of greatest substance in the parish. And a later subsidy found Robert the second richest man. His will, now in the Registry Court of Worcester, leaves to his youngest daughter Mary his best piece of land, Ashbies, some fifty-four acres out of his total acreage of a hundred and fifty or so, together with the farm-house, the 'crop apone the grounde' standing 'as hitt is,' and 'in moneye *vili xiiis iiid.*' This will arranges for the living of his widow in the same house with his daughter Alice, who was the other executor with Mary of his estate. Toward Mary's marriage as prospective and taking place later, this will of November, 1556, bears the witness lacking from the parish register.

If, when William was born, Mrs. Shakespeare's first child, Jone, as well as her second, Margaret, had died, to how tender a welcome for the first-born son do these formal dry parchments lend their halting testimony!

A plague ravaged Stratford in July of Shakespeare's birth-year, and the town books show that Shakespeare's father contributed toward the relief of the town. Whether or not his mother trembled then for the peril to her last-born three-months-old baby, certainly the nations may tremble now at the conjecture of what the world might be without its Shakespeare.

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There is record left in Stratford that in the same autumn of 1556 when Robert Arden died John Shakespeare made substantial preparation for living well, by purchasing two properties, a house and garden in Greenhill Street, and a double house with a garden in Henley Street, now known to travelers as the Shakespeare Museum, side by side with the house still longer known as 'the Birthplace.' His purchase was subject to the usual payment of a fee yearly to the lord of the manor, the Earl of Warwick; and it happens that a list taken for the queen later, in 1590, of the Henley Street tenants paying manorial fees to the great noble of the shire, identifies this house as the home to which Shakespeare was born in 1564, and to which, some seven years before his birth, his mother came as a bride.

The very earliest reference, 1552, made to his father in the Stratford records also connects him with Henley Street. He was then fined 12*d.* for making a refuse-heap there, two other burghers being fined along with him to the same amount for a like offense. The simple sanitary regulations of a sixteenth-century country town are thus illustrated. They consisted, it appears from the records, in preferring as dumping places several dispersed specified 'public dung-hills.'

The same year as the purchase of his home in Henley Street, John Shakespeare was summoned to serve on a jury. The style and title then given him is 'John Shakespere, glover.' Again is it so given him thirty years later, in a legal paper preserving the fact that he went to the neighboring town of Coventry to give bail for a Stratford tinker whom he thus befriended. From other remaining records of his trans-

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actions and suits, it comes out that he dealt in various articles made of leather and also in grain, malt, and such country produce.

By the time his first son was born, 'John Shakspeare, glover,' had risen to successive town offices: first, 1557, ale-taster, or tester for the town of malt liquors and bread; then town councilor; constable; affeeror, that is, assessor of just such fines as he and his fellow-townsmen had to pay for their individual dirt-heaps; chamberlain, or treasurer; and, finally, the next year after his son was born, alderman. He was so repeatedly employed as auditor for the town of the chamberlains' accounts and as appraiser of property that it would seem he must have been recognized as a man of practical ability and of a skill in reckoning not in the least inconsistent — at a period when accounts were cast with counters, as the shepherd's talk in 'Winter's Tale' (IV. iii. 38) illustrates — with another fact shown by the town papers, that, like most of his generation in Stratford, he signed his name with a mark.

In 1567, when he was first nominated for head bailiff or mayor, he is first written down as 'Mr Shakspeyr.' The important small prefix 'Mr.' is repeated in 1568, the year when he was successful in being elected to that office, the same year also when his first application was made to the College of Heralds for a coat of arms. The parish register reflects his increasing social importance in the same slight but significant manner in the further course of chronicling the baptism of his children: Gilbert, Oct. 13, 1566; Jone, April 15, 1569; Anna, Sept. 28, 1569 (buried in April, 1571); Richard, Mch. 11, 1574; Edmund, May 3, 1580. The 'Johannes Shakspeare'

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of the earlier entries becomes 'Magistri Shakspere' in 1571, and thereafter always appears as 'Mr.'

The next mark along the Shakespeare trail is this striking fact: As mayor of Stratford, Shakespeare's father entertained actors officially for the first time in the town's history. Between Michaelmas, 1568 and 1569, within his term of office, when Shakespeare was a five-year-old urchin, the queen's and the Earl of Leicester's players came to town and were given an official welcome. They may have come before without it, of course. In such case no one now is likely to be the wiser. Their coming is in ken now because Mayor John Shakespeare officially paid the queen's players nine shillings and the earl's twelve pence for first performances before himself and the aldermen, the town being admitted free. Admission might be charged at later performances; but, according to custom, the 'Mayor's play' was open to the public.

'To the Mayor's play,' writes Willis, a man born in the neighboring city of Gloucester, the same year as William Shakespeare, 'every one that will comes in without money, the Mayor giving unto the players ■ reward as he thinks fit to shew respect unto them. At such a play my father tooke me with him, and made mee stand betweene his leggs as he sate upon one of the benches, where wee saw and heard very well. . . . This sight tooke such impression in mee that when I came towards mans estate it was as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted.' This Willis records in 'Mount Tabor. Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner, published in the yeare of his age 77 Anno Dom. 1639.' Will Shakespeare's mind can scarcely be supposed to be less impressionable.

The Coventry Corpus Christi Players were playing

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during Shakespeare's youth. They played at Bristol in 1570, and their road ran through Stratford. In 1575, when Shakespeare was eleven, Queen Elizabeth was entertained by Leicester with wide-heralded festivities and shows at Kenilworth, within a walk of Stratford. Coventry is but five miles farther on.

In the next year, 1576, and the next, companies of players came to Stratford, and again from 1579 on for eight years each twelvemonth brought its actors to Shakespeare's town. 1587, the richest year of all, brought five companies, the queen's, Leicester's, and Essex's among them.

Teaching was to be had free to boys of Stratford at the 'Kings New School.' It was in charge of Walter Roche in 1570, an Oxford man, fellow of Corpus Christi, and to him, in 1577, the curate of Luddington, Thomas Hunt, succeeded. Such schools led boys, after just such initial instruction in the horn-book and the *a's* as Moth makes fun with in 'Loves Labour's Lost' (V. i. 49-60), through just such a first book in Latin as William Page recites from to Parson Hugh in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' (IV. i. 13-63), Lily's Grammar and the 'Sententie Pucriles' being passed, to the 'Eclogues' of Mantuanus, praised in 'Loves Labour's Lost' (IV. iii. 97-101), to Plautus, Ovid, Virgil, Seneca, Terence, Cicero, Horace, and the radiments of Greek. It had not yet occurred to the pedagogic mind that anything but the classics was a subject for instruction, and Latin was, of course, as common as geography, physiology, and arithmetic now.

In 1571 John Shakespeare was chief alderman. In 1575 he bought an additional house, the one adjoining, now called 'the Birthplace.'

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So far the facts betoken comfort and prosperity. But when Shakespeare was fourteen a decided stroke of misfortune from the money point of view befell the family, through the father's mortgaging his wife's property of Ashbies to her brother-in-law, Edmund Lambert, for £40, for it led to the Shakespeares' loss of their estate.

Early in the same year, 1578, the town council agreed 'that every alderman, suche underwrytten excepted, shall paye towardes' the equipment of pikemen, billmen, and archer 'vjs. viij*l*.,' and 'Mr. Shaxpeare' was one of the two let off with paying less. Later in the year he and another were excused from a weekly poor-tax levied on the aldermen. The next year he is named among those failing to pay a levy on all the citizens for the purchase of armor. He and his wife parted with his individual share in Snitterfield property for £4, and they parted with her interest in other Snitterfield property for £40. He begins in 1578 to absent himself from the town council meetings, still more the next year, and then so altogether that in 1586 an alderman was chosen to fill his place, since he 'dothe not come to the halles . . . nor hath not done of longe tyme.'

Shakespeare's sister Anna died in April just before her brother's fifteenth birthday, and the sadness of this, together with the family distresses, particularly over Ashbies, regarding which repeated interviews and arrangements with the Lamberts were sought in vain by his father, must have brought Shakespeare early face to face with some of the relentless words of life.

If in the spring of the year 1580, when the £40 was to be repaid, his brother was christened Edmund in deference to Uncle Edmund Lambert, who had

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lent the money to the Shakespeares on such good security, the compliment did not serve to loosen his grasp upon the land. The law of the time favored a creditor's absolute ownership of security if repayment was not made rigidly on the day specified, and though the Shakespeares claimed in their first legal appeal against Lambert, as in other complaints later, that John took his £40 across Barton Heath to Edmund at Michaelmas of 1580, and that it was refused because there were other debts that must be paid, some confusion as to the time sticks to these claims, due, it may be, to misfortune rather than fault of the Shakespeares. The result, however, remained inexorable.

1582. '*Datum 28 die Novembris anno regni domine nostre Elizabethæ . . . Sc. 25^o.*'

The church registers at Luddington and at Temple-Grafton are not extant to yield record of Shakespeare's marriage as taking place in 1582. It is a fact assured by a bond preserved in Worcester at the bishop's registry. This bond was made in anticipation of the marriage and to guarantee the bishop of the diocese, who would be held responsible for such a course as was taken, from any objection that might be made against him for allowing this marriage of 'William Shagspere and Anne Hathawey, of Stratford in the diocese of Worcester,' to take place with but once asking of the banns, instead of the usual thrice. It happens that there is also preserved in the bishop's registers in Worcester an entry for a marriage license, November 27, 1582, between 'Willielmum Shaxpere' and 'Annam Whateley de Temple Grafton' — how explicable, whether the same William and Anne or not, nobody knows.

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The Stratford registers supply the next facts on record and introduce Shakespeare as father:

1583. 'B. May 26. *Susanna, daughter to William Shakspeare.*'

1585. 'B. February 2. *Hamnet & Judeth, sonne and daughter to William Shakspeare.*'

Shakespeare's uncles, Henry Shakespeare of Snitterfield and Edmund Lambert of Wilmecote, cross the path of his family fortunes in 1587. Henry owed £22. His debtor claimed that John Shakespeare had made himself responsible if Henry did not pay it. He did not, and John was troubled with a series of suits over it. Edmund, the withholder of Ashbies, died, and his son and heir John was visited by John Shakespeare, as he claimed later, with a proposition to pay the old debt, and also with a new proposition to yield him undisputed title on his payment of £40. In this new application, which was ineffective, William Shakespeare joined his father and mother, as also in the complaint brought against Lambert two years later.

1587-1589. '*Johannes Shackespere et Maria uxor ejus, simulcum Willielmo Shackespere filio suo,*' etc.

This is the last recorded Stratford mention of Shakespeare before London mention begins. Whether he was in Stratford then, or already in London, there is no certain sign.

The final records concerning him in Stratford—his growing family, the vexed question of Ashbies, and his father's harassments—clearly provide spurs sharp enough to prick the sides of any intent a sensitive spirit might feel, either then or earlier, to win fortune to befriend him in London.

Something of the sense of injured pride and des-

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perate ambition with which the Shakespeares would naturally cling to the lost estate echoes in these words from one of their actions for the recovery of the land 'the sayde John wrongfullie still keepeth': 'the sayde John Lamberte ys of greate wealthe and abilitie, & well frended and alied amongst gentlemen and freeholders of the countrey in the saide countie of Warwicke, where he dwelleth, and your saide oratours are of small wealthe and verey fewe frendes and alyance in the saide countie.'

This year of 1587 was the year, already noticed, when as many as five companies of actors visited Stratford, among them the Earl of Leicester's players.

1592. '*The onlie Shake-scene*,' etc.

A new drama of 'Henry VI' was brought out in March of this year, at the Rose Theater, by the players formerly Leicester's, now Lord Strange's. Talbot, as he appears in '1 Henry VI,' is spoken of that summer as 'new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least' in Nash's '*Pierce Pennilesse*,' printed in 1592. Robert Greene wrote from his death-bed, September 4, making use of Clifford's line in '3 Henry VI,' l. iv. 137, 'O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,' for a sting at Shakespeare's sudden eminence. In his '*Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*,' published by his friend Henry Chettle, September 20, Greene warned 'those Gentlemen his Quondam acquaintance that spend their wits in making Plaies,' that there was 'an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; & being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onlie Shake-scene in a countrie.'

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Chettle himself, in December, in his Preface to 'Kind Heart's Dreame,' adds clearness to this scarcely disguised allusion to Shakespeare and his collaborator in '3 Henry VI' by suing for pardon to one of the two playmakers aggrieved by Greene's hit. One of them he refers to as 'learned' and the other as an actor, 'whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had . . . because myselfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill than he excellent in the qualitic he professes;—besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approoves his art.'

1593. 'xviii^o Aprilis.—Richard Feild . . . a booke intuled *Venus and Adonis*.'

But the sudden fame of Shakespeare's poem, 'Venus and Adonis,' mounted higher in the esteem of 'divers of worship' than any play could climb at that time. It was published by his fellow-townsmen from Stratford, Richard Field, whose father's estate had been appraised at home by the Poet's father the year before. Its dedication, signed by William Shakespeare, challenged with a graceful adventurousness, modest but not obsequious, the patronage of the most notable in literary taste of the young courtiers of the day, the Earl of Southampton, and won it, along with the acclaim of the town. Seven editions were issued inside of ten years. Thus the year that saw Kit Marlowe's unfortunate death saw Will Shakespeare launched on the crest of fortune. The saying of the fop Gullio in 'The Return from Parnassus,' acted at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1599, expresses in a representative way its vogue: 'O sweet Mr Shakespeare! I'll have his picture in my study at the Court. . . . Let the dunci-

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fiede age esteem of Spenser and Chaucer, I'll worshipp sweet Mr. Shakespeare, and to honour him will lay his Venus and Adonis under my pillow, as we read of one (I do not well remember his name, but I am sure he was a king) slept with Homer under his bed's head.'

1594. '9 May. *Mr. Harrison . . . a booke intituled the Ravysheiment of Lucrece.*'

Shakespeare's second dedication to Southampton in his 'Lucrece' revealed his advance into his patron's favor, and the poem received such choice praise among writers as Drayton gave it in his 'Legend of Mathilda' (1594), referring to Lucrece of Rome as 'Lately revivd to live another age,' and such direct allusion and specific naming of the Poet as this in 'Willobie his Avisas' (1594):

'Though Collatine have deerely bought
To high renowne a lasting life,
And found that most in vaine have sought,
To have a faire and constant wife,
Yet Tarquyne pluckt his glistering grape,
And Shake-speare paints poore Lucrece rape.'

The triumph of the year as Poet closed with fresh honor as Player and Playwright. He appeared before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace during the holidays, as the following entry in her Treasurer's MS. accounts sets forth: 'to William Kempe, William Shakespeare and Richarde Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberleyne, upon the Councelles warrant dated at Whitehall xv^{to} Marcij, 1594, for twoe severall comedies or enterludes shewed by them before her Majestie in Christmas tyme laste paste, viz., upon St. Stephen^e daye & Innocentes daye xiiijth. vjs. viijd. &

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by waye of her Majesties rewarde vj.*li.* xiijs. iiij*d*, in all xx*li.*'

The same December holidays, the 28th, 'The Comedic of Errors' is recorded at the Temple as 'played by the players' before the students at the Hall in Gray's Inn.

Henceforth, each holiday season during the remaining years of Elizabeth's reign, there is record of plays before her by the company to which Shakespeare belonged.

Weever's sonnet includes, along with mention of the poems, allusion to the earliest tragedy, 'Romeo and Juliet,' and another of the histories, and thus furnishes evidence of work done up to this time, in addition to the earlier histories and the comedies already named, of which contemporary record is lacking. Weever's 'more whose names I know not' is like Banquo's glass. It images the shadowy many in the background — the much unknown exactly in the royal succession of Shakespeare's achieved dramas. The Sonnet is addressed:

AD GULIELMUM SHAKESPEARE

'Honie-tong'd *Shakespeare*, when I saw thine issue,
I swore Apollo got them and none other
Their rosie-tainted features cloth'd in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddesse said to be their mother;
Rose-checkt *Adonis* with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot *Venus* charming him to love her,
Chaste *Lucretia*, virgine-like her dresses,
Prowd lust stung *Tarquine* seeking still to prove her,
Romea, Richard; more whose names I know not,
Their sugred tongues and power attractive beuty
Say they are Saints, although that Sts they shew not,
For thousand vowes to them subjective dutie;

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They burn in love; thy children, Shakespear het them;
Go, wo thy muse; more nymphish brood beget them.'

From London achievements so brilliant Shakespeare's eyes were turned to Stratford by the death of his son, whose funeral is entered in the church register:

1596. '*F. August 11. Hamnet filius William Shakspere.*' His uncle Henry died during the Christmas holidays, while Shakespeare's company was performing before the queen at Whitehall. His father's application this year to the College of Heralds resulted in his obtaining a pattern for a coat of arms, and a draft of the proposed grant was made out, which is still on record, though not executed.

1597. '*A Pleasant Conceited Comedie*' called '*Loves Labour's Lost*,' played in the holidays before the queen at Whitehall, was an earlier success, one of Weever's many '*more*,' for it was revised, '*newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare*,' and prepared especially for the presentation given before the queen '*this last Christmas*,' as its title-page of 1598 says.

Recorded sign in 1597 of Shakespeare's continued personal attachment to Stratford as his home, which is lacking with relation to the more intimate event of his son's death, is found in his purchase for £60 of New Place, the finest residence in the town, built for Sir Hugh Clopton in 1496; '*a pratty house of bricke and tymbre*,' opposite '*a goodly Churche in a fayre street*,' says a writer describing it in 1540.

Again, with relation to material affairs, record of which is demanded by custom, Shakespeare's strong continued interest in his family's affairs is revealed by the fact that a chancery suit was begun against John Lambert for

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recovery of Ashbies. The plea dates November 24, 1597, and a series of court orders for hearing witnesses runs from July, 1598, to October, 1599. This necessarily expensive struggle for the Arden property testifies that London success had not obscured but rather brightened the old Stratford desires. No decree of the court was ever recorded.

Letters of Stratfordians belong to this first epoch of attainment, and show Shakespeare in a position upon which his townsmen place friendly dependence, as the following extracts illustrate:

1. From a letter of January 24, 1597, from Abraham Sturley to his brother-in-law in London, Richard Quiney, whose son married Judith Shakespeare later:

‘This is one special remembrance from ur fathers motion. Itt seemeth bi him that our countriman, Mr. Shaksper, is willinge to disburse some monei upon some od yarde land or other att Shotterie or neare about us; he thinketh it a veri fitt patterne to move him to deale in the matter of our tithes. Bi the instructions u can geve him thereof, and bi the frendes he can make therefore, we thinke it a faire marke for him to shoote att, and not unpossible to hitt. It obtained would advance him in deede, and would do us muche good.’

2. From a letter of Sturley to Quiney acknowledging a letter of October 25, 1597, saying ‘that our countriman Mr. Wm. Shak. would procure us monei, which I will like of as I shall heare when and wheare and howe; and I prai let not go that occasion if it mai sorte to any indifferent condicions. Allso that if monei might be had for 30 or 40% a lease, &c might be procured.’

3. A letter from Quiney ‘To my lovinge good ffrend and contreyman Mr. Wm. Shackespere’:

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‘Lovinge contreyman, I am bolde of yow, as of a ffrende, cravinge your helpe with xxx℥. uppon M^r Bushells and my securitytee, or Mr. Myttons with me. Mr. Rosswell is nott come to London as yeate, and I have especiall cawse. You shall ffrende me muche in helpeing me out of all the debettes I owe in London, I thancke God, and muche quiet my mynde, which wolde nott be indebeted. I am nowe towards the Cowrte, in hope of answer for the dispatche of my buysenes. You shall nether loose creddytt nor monney by me, the Lorde wyllinge; and nowe butt perswade yowrselfe soe, as I hope, and yow shall nott need to feare, butt, with all hartie thanckefullenes, I wyll holde my tyme, and content yowr ffrende, and yf we bargaine farther, you shal be the paiemaster yowrselfe. My tyme biddes me hastene to an ende, and soe I committ thys to yowr care and hope of yowr helpe. I feare I shall nott be backe thys night ffrom the Cowrte. Haste. The Lorde be with yow and with vs all, Amen! ffrom the Bell in Carter Lane, the 25 Octóber 1598.

‘Yowrs in all kyndenes,

‘RYC. QUYNEY.’

By the time Shakespeare had reached his thirty-fourth year, then, even these inadequate records are enough to show that he had grasped material comfort in Stratford and artistic supremacy in London. Where he most wanted endearing quiet and well-being, at home in Stratford, with family and kindred, he took pains to secure an established mansion. In the years following he proceeded to add unto it broad lands and means for its fit maintenance. Out among men, on the other hand, in the stir and stream of life in Lon-

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don, he was not yet content to pause, though he had achieved a mass of work in the thirty-four years of his life up to that time, so compactly summed up by a contemporary critic that his statement has served the world ever since as the best single measure of the results of genius.

This critic, Francis Meres, in a chapter in his 'Wits Commonwealth or Palladis Tamia,' compares the poets of England with the Greek and Latin poets. He parallels Shakespeare with the classics under every division of his subject: with 'the sweete wittie soule of Ovid' he links the poems and 'sugred sonnets' of 'mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare'; with 'Plautus and Seneca the best among the Latines for Comedy and Tragedy,' he places 'Shakespeare among the English the most excellent in both kinds for the stage.' The famous list follows: 'for comedy witnes his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love labors lost, his Love labours wonne, his Midsummer Nights dreame, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard the 2, Richard the 3, Henry the 4, King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.' With the best lyrick poets, and the best tragick poets, with the best poets among the Greekes for Comedy and the most famous for Tragedy, and those for elegy 'the most passionate among us to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of love,' with all in every list Shakespeare's name shines out. Other names often precede his, it is true. Who is Doctor Leg of Cambridge, may well be asked now, that he should be first on a list of English dramatists that is paired with the supreme Greek tragedians? And who are Maister Edwardes, Edwarde Earle of Oxford, Lord Buckhurst, for example, that they should rank ahead of Will

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Shakespeare anywhere? The lesser lights of these higher-placed gentry have sputtered into blankness, while Shakespeare's holds fresh brilliancy, and suffices to redeem his contemporary critic's errors in adjudging precedence here and there by his discernment in fixing the Player-poet so early and so firmly among his stars.

Signs of Shakespeare's continuance as a Player are not less steadfast, though much less conspicuous, than as a Playwright and as a Stratfordian. His life as an actor apparently never ceased during his London successes, and in 1598, this year marking so much attainment past, it is clear that he played in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in His Humour,' since his name appears at the head of the original list of actors.

The chief mention extant of the plays added by his 'right happy and copious industry' to Meres's oft-cited tale may now follow. And as, continuously all along with the creation of the great plays, the tenacity of his hold upon Stratford as his home is evident, the two streams of intermittent testimony may fitly flow on together, side by side, to betray what little they may of the brain and heart of the deviser behind them.

1599. *'And to ourselves wee joynd those deserving men, Shakspeare, Hemmings, Condall, Philips & others, partners in the profits of that they call the House.'*

Thus in an address to the Right Honorable Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, a manuscript now in the Public Record Office, London, in which they stated their side of the difficulties they had with other of their actors, the Burbages — owners of the Theater, the Globe, and finally of Blackfriars — preserve for posterity the fact of the shares they leased out for twenty-one years. These shares assured Shakespeare a far larger

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part in his successes than he could have won either as actor or as author. 'The same address explains, too, that in the days of the Theater the players had only 'the profits arising from the doores,' but now, since the building of the Globe, they 'receave all the cummings in at the doores to themselves and halfe the galleries.'

1600. *'4 Augusti. — As You likeyt, a booke; Henry the Fifth, a booke; The Commedie of Muche Adoo about nothings, a booke,*

Whether or not, as sharer in the company, Shakespeare was interested in the staying of these plays from the hands of the printers which this famous entry in the Stationers' Books indicates, the richness of his literary harvest by the year 1600 is shown by it, and there are to be added entries of 'A mydsommer nightes dreame' and 'The Merchant of Venyce.' In Weever's 'Mirror of Martyrs' an allusion is clear to Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar':

'The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious,
When eloquent Mark Antony had shown
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?
Man's memory, with new, forgets the old,
One tale is good until another's told.'

Meanwhile in Stratford, while he was himself in London, an item appears of his recovery of £7 from John Clayton.

1601. *'Poeticall Essaies . . . Shadowing the Truth of Love in the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle. Done by the best and cheifest of our moderne writers.'*

Chapman, Jonson, and Marston contributed with Shakespeare to this volume of Chester's 'Love's Mar-

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tyr'; and Shakespeare's contribution, mystical and symbolic, signed by him, is a tantalizingly interesting fact in the history of his authorship.

This was the year of the rebellion of Essex, and in London, all around Shakespeare, tumult surged. In it his patron Southampton, and a group of nobles allied with him to the fortunes of Essex, were involved, and the venturous playing of 'Richard II,' with its deposition scene, suppressed before as hateful to the queen, occasioned the examination of his fellow-player Philips, but Shakespeare himself seems to be clear of tanglement, whatever his feelings may have been.

In Stratford, in the parish register, is set down :

1601. 'F. — Septemb. 8. Mr. *Johannes Shakspeare.*'

No grave or other memorial of him remains in Stratford.

1602. 'xxvijth Julij. — *James Robertes.* — *Buried . . . A booke called the Revenge of Hamlett . . . as yt was latelie Acted by the La: Chamberleyn his servantes.*'

The earliest remaining reference to Shakespeare by name in relation to the great play is an interesting one, not printed, however, till 1604, in 'Daiphantus,' where, after praise of Sidney's 'Arcadia,' it is written: 'or to come home to the vulgars element, . . . friendly Shakespeare's tragedies, where the commedian rides, when the tragedian stands on tiptoe; Faith, it should please all, like Prince Hamlet.'

'The Merry Wives of Windsor' was entered the same year, earlier. Along with the record of these two imperfect copies of these plays, as now we know them, comes the customary evidence that the Poet remembered Stratford, from the title-deed of May 1, 1602, conveying 'Fowre yarde lande . . . conteyning by estimacion one hundred and seven

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acres' from 'John Combe of Olde Stretford . . . gentleman' to 'William Shakespere of Stretford-uppon-Avon . . . gentleman.' A purchase from Walter Getley, still further enlarging the estate he was building up at home, was also made that September, of a cottage and garden in Chapel Lane, near New Place.

1603. '*The Players Pri-videdge,*' and License of May 17, 'By the King,' authorized 'these our servants, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage,' and others named, 'freely to use and exercise the arte and facultie of playing comedies, tragedies, histories.' This is the eminent memorandum of the year for Shakespeare, although he had played before the queen in February at Richmond just before her death in March.

'1604 & 1605 — *Edd. Tylney — Sunday after Hallowmas — Merry Wyves of Windsor perf^d by the K's players — Hallamas — in the Banquetting bo'. at Whitehall the Moor of Venis.*'

This memorandum of Malone's (now preserved in the Bodleian Library, MS. Mal. 29), was based upon archives not now accessible. MS. Rawlinson A 204 confirms it, showing that Shakespeare's Company was paid for eleven performances at Whitehall, Nov. 1 and 4, Dec. 26 and 28, 1604, and on Jan. 7 and 8, February 2 and 3, and on Shrove Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, 1605.

When the king made his triumphal entry in London in the spring of the same year, nine actors of this company were named in the Accounts as walking in the procession, William Shakespeare, with Burbage, Hemminge, and Condell, among them, and each of them was presented by the king with four and a half yards of scarlet cloth.

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Whatever glory came of ranking with the grooms of his Majesty's bedchamber thereafter, Stratford pursuits were not less followed, as the suit the Poet brought that July in Stratford against Philip Rogers for the balance of a debt of '1*li* xix*s* xd' for malt bears witness.

1605. *July 24. 'Unto the sayed William Shakespear, for and duringe all the residue of the sayed terme,'* was conveyed for £440, a lease of a moiety of the Stratford tithes.

That spring, May 4, Augustine Phillips willed 'to my fellowe William Shakespeare, a 30 shillinges peece in goold.' Earlier, March 3, another record of personal association is evidenced by his acting as godfather to William Davenant, son of John Davenant, host of the Crown Inn in Oxford.

1606. '*Mr. William Shakespeare his historye of King Lear*' was played, as the entry in the Stationers' Books of the next year shows, 'before the Kinges majestie at Whitehall uppon St. Stephans night at Christmas last.'

1607. '*M. Junij 5. John Hall gentleman and Susanna Shaxspere.*'

This notice of the marriage of Shakespeare's elder daughter is in the Stratford church register.

The notice of his brother Edmund's death, the player-brother who died in London, the register at St. Saviour's, Southwark, supplies, with the memorandum of the unusual honor and expense for an actor attending his burial, 'a fore noone knell of the great bell.'

1608. '*20 May. — Edw. Blount Entred . . . a booke called Anthony and Cleopatra.*'

This is in the London Registers. In Stratford church register appear the birth of Shakespeare's first

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grandchild, 'Februar. 21. Elizabeth dawghter to John Hall, gen.,' and on September 9 the funeral of 'Mayry Shakspere, wydowe.' In Stratford, again, Shakespeare stood as godfather to William, son of his friend, Alderman Henry Walker.

1609. '20 May. Tho. Thorpe . . . a Booke called *Shakespeare's sonnettes.*'

The 'Never before Imprinted' line of the title-page in the published volume adds to the foregoing entry in the 'Stationers' Registers' the look of its being a long-buried treasure, not a new event in the story of Shakespeare's authorship by any means, but falling along in public mention with Meres's 'sugred sonnets' of 1598.

1610. 'Macbeth at the Glob, 1610 the 20 of Aprill'

is the beginning of one of the interesting accounts of the plays which Dr. Simon Forman saw acted. It is taken from his MS. 'Bocke of Plaies and Notes therof.'

Twenty more acres bought of the Combes were added by Shakespeare to his Stratford estate this same year.

1611. 'In the Winters Talle at the Glob, 1611, 15 of Maye.

Observe ther howe Lyontes,' etc. Thus notes Dr. Forman again in his 'Diary.' There follows, also, without date, this: 'Of Cimbalin King of England,' etc.

In Stratford Shakespeare's name appears on the margin of a subscription list started on September 11, 'towards the charge of prosecuting the bill in Parliament for the better repair of the highway.'

1612. 'Richard Lane, Thomas Greene . . . and William Shakspeare gentleman, contra W. Combe.'

This extract is from a bill of complaint of harm to the tithes by action of the Combes. Greene's interest is stated at a yearly value of £3, Shakespeare's at three-

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score pounds. It is of special interest in its connection with further difficulties over the threatened injury to the tithes by inclosing of the fields held in common by Stratford citizens.

1613. *'Item, paid to John Heminges uppon the Cowncells warrant dated att Whitehall xx^o die Maij, 1613.'*

This, from the treasurer's accounts in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, shows the performance of 'The Tempest,' with other plays, at the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth and Prince Frederick. The list reads: 'Much adoe abowte nothings . . . the Tempest, the Winters Tale, Sir John Falstafe, the Moore of Venice, . . . Cæsar's Tragedye . . .' etc. And later, 'one playe called ■ badd beginininge makes a good endinge . . . one other the Hotspurr, and one other called Benedicte and Betteris.'

The same spring, March 10, 'William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman,' bought a house in Blackfriars, London, 'in consideration of the somme of one hundred and fortie pounds.'

In the Stratford church register is entered, February 4, the funeral of 'Rich. Shakspeare,' leaving Gilbert the only surviving brother; but there is an unexplained entry of a funeral, 1612, February 3, of 'Gilbertus Shakspeare, adolescens.'

In June of the same year the last new play of Shakespeare's was played at the Globe, 'Henry VIII,' and during its performance, as various letters of that summer still remaining relate, the theater was burned to the ground.

1614. 17 Nov. *'My cosen Shakspeare comyng yesterday to towne, I went to see him how he did.'*

Much talk followed during this visit of Thomas Greene, the Stratford town clerk, upon the mooted injury to

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their property in the tithes by the Combes' inclosure of the common lands, and Shakespeare in October had taken the precaution to make an agreement with William Replingham to make recompense for all 'losse . . . thought in the viewe of foure indifferent persons' to be sustained 'by reason of anie enclosure.'

John Combe had died that summer, July, leaving Shakespeare £5 in his will. His heir William was now intending to make the inclosure. Greene's 'Diary' gives further account of their talk, etc., thus:

'He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose noe further then to Gospell Bushe, and soe upp straight (leavyng out part of the Dyngles to the Field) to the Gate in Clopton hedge, and take in Salisburyes peece; and that they mean in Aprill to surveye the land, and then to gyve satisfaccion, and not before; and he and Mr. Hall say they think ther will be nothyng done at all.

'23. Dec. A hall. Lettres wryten on to Mr. Maneryng, another to Mr. Shakspeare, with almost all the companies handes to eyther. I alsoe wrytte of my self to my cosen Shakspear the coppyes of all our actes, and then also a not of the inconvenyences wold happen by the inclosure.'

1615. '9 Jan. Mr. Replyngham, 28 Octobris: *article with Mr. Shakspear.*

This is again from Greene's 'Diary,' after which follows: '11 Januarii Mr Manyryng and his agreement for me with my cosen Shakspeare.' Finally: 'Sept. Mr. Shakspeare tellyng J. Greene that I was not able to beare the encloseing of Welcombe.' The project of inclosing Welcombe was given up.

1616. 25 March. 'By me William Shakspeare.'

Thus the Poet's will was signed. It left his younger

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daughter Judith 150 'poundes of lawfull English money,' and another 150 after three years. It provided for his sister Jone Hart and her three sons, and left her the house 'wherein she dwelleth.' To his granddaughter, then but eight years old, all his plate was left 'except my brod silver and gilt bole' (which was left to Judith). Various bequests and remembrances to Stratford citizens follow: to his wife his 'second best bed with the furniture,' and to 'my fellowes, John Hemynges, Richard Burbage and Henry Cundell, xxvjs. viiij^d apeece [to] buy them ringes.' The remainder of his estate went to his daughter Susanna and his son-in-law Dr. John Hall, her husband, whom the Poet also made his executors. The marriage of Judith to Thomas Quiney had then taken place, and the following three entries of marriage, funeral, and baptism in the church register close this year:

'M. Feabruary 10. *The Queeny tow Judith Shakspere*

'F. Aprill 25. *Will Shakspere, gent.*

'B. November 23. *Shaksper, fillius Thomas Quyny, gent.*'

This grandson died the next year. Two later-born sons to Judith died in 1639. In 1623 Mrs. Shakespeare, Shakespeare's widow, died, and was buried in the church chancel with her husband. The same year saw the publication of the first collected edition of the Plays of William Shakespeare, in London.

Shakespeare's daughter Susanna died July 11, 1649, and the Poet's only grandchild, Elizabeth, married successively to Thomas Nash in 1626, and, after his death in 1647, to Sir John Barnard of Abingdon, died childless February 17, 1669. The last descendant from his sister Jone, John Hart, died in 1800.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

Aug. 8, 1903.

VENUS AND ADONIS



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

INTRODUCTION

VENUS AND ADONIS

THE story of 'Venus and Adonis,' told by Ovid in his 'Metamorphoses,' and by earlier writers, was modified in the middle ages by making Adonis indifferent to the charms of the goddess. Shakespeare's source for his poem was Ovid, but it shows the variations of the later period. The story was well known in England at this time. An edition of the 'Metamorphoses' was published in 1589 by Richard Field, the publisher of Shakespeare's poem and a native of Stratford-on-Avon. Golding's translation of Ovid appeared in 1567. Shakespeare may have read the story in this translation, if not in the original. Constable's poem, 'Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis,' published in 1600, and perhaps previously circulated in written form, may have been seen by Shakespeare, though the two versions bear scant likeness to each other.

'Venus and Adonis' was entered upon the 'Stationers' Register,' April 18, 1593. How long it had awaited a publisher cannot be determined. In his dedicatory note to the Earl of Southampton, the poet speaks of it as 'the first heire of my invention.' This statement has led to the general belief that 'Venus and Adonis' was Shakespeare's earliest work, perhaps written at Stratford and brought by its author

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to London. The words, however, do not admit of too literal translation, as Shakespeare may have collaborated on earlier stage pieces before directing his talents to an original poetic 'invention.' Nevertheless, the poem bears traces of immaturity and the ardor of youth. It may easily have been written by a young man of twenty-five. Its year is generally placed near 1589.

The first edition was in Quarto form, 1593, with a title which bore, after 'Venus and Adonis,' a Latin motto, a printer's device, and 'London: Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound in Paules Churchyard. 1593.'

The poem became immediately popular, being quoted on all sides, and bringing the author the first taste of his larger fame. No less than thirteen editions were printed between 1593 and 1636. Neither it nor any other of the detached poems was included in the First Folio edition of 1623, that being confined to the Plays. The text here followed, that of the First Quarto, is in a state of unusual purity.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

The original argument of 'The Rape of Lucrece' has come down to us in connection with the text. The story had long been known in England before Shakespeare made use of it. Chaucer told it in his 'Legend of Good Women,' citing 'Ovid and Titus Livius' as his sources. Paynter's 'Palace of Pleasure' (1567) was a noteworthy version nearer Shakespeare's day. Ballads on the subject were also printed in 1568, 1570, and 1576. Shakespeare seems to have been familiar with Ovid's 'Fasti' here, just as

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he was with the 'Metamorphoses' in 'Venus and Adonis,' and that author was probably his source.

As to the date of 'Lucrece's' production, we note again in the dedicatory note to 'Venus and Adonis' (1593) that, after alluding to the latter ■ his 'first heire,' the poet promises ■ to take advantage of all idle houres, till I have honoured you with some graver labour.' This ■ graver labour' appears in the presence of 'Lucrece,' dedicated to the same patron, and entered on the 'Stationers' Register,' May 9, 1594. The poem must have been written in the closing months of 1593 or opening months of 1594.

It was first published in a Quarto of 1594, by the same printer who brought out 'Venus and Adonis.' Its title was as follows:

'Lucrece. London. Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound in Paules Church-yard. 1594.' The running title was 'The Rape of Lucrece,' since generally chosen as the full title of the poem. Like its predecessor, this poem became immediately popular and added to the author's reputation. Seven editions were printed by 1655. The present text follows the First Quarto and is usually clear.

VENUS AND ADONIS

VENUS
AND ADONIS

VILIA MIRETUR VULGUS: MIHI FLAVUS APOLLO
POCULA CASTALIA PLENA MINISTRET AQUA.

LONDON

IMPRINTED BY RICHARD FIELD, AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT
THE SIGNE OF THE WHITE GREYHOUND IN
PAULES CHURCH-YARD.

1593.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

Henric Wriothesley, Earle of Southampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.

Right Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will censure mee for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onely if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take advantage of all idle houres, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heire of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorie it had so noble a god-father: and never after eare so barren a land, for feare it yeeld me still so bad a harvest, I leave it to your Honourable survey, and your Honor to your hearts content which I wish may alwaies answere your owne wish, and the worlds bopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,
William Shakespeare.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sunne with purple-colour'd face,
Had tane his last leave of the weeping morne,
Rose-cheekt Adonis hied him to the chace,
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laught to scorne:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amaine unto him,
And like a bold fac'd suter ginnes to woo him.

Thrise fairer than my selfe, (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweet above compare,
Staine to all Nimphs, more lovely then a man,
More white, and red, then doves, or roses are: 10
Nature that made thee with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steed,
And raine his proud head to the saddle bow,
If thou wilt daine this favor, for thy meed
A thousand honie secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, Ile smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd sacietie,
But rather famish them amid their plentie, 20

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Making them red, and pale, with fresh varietie:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twentie:
A sommers day will seeme an houre but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she ceazeth on his sweating palme,
The president of pith, and livelyhood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balme,
Earths soveraigne salve, to do ■ goddesse good,
Being so enragd, desire doth lend her force,
Couragiously to plucke him from his horse. 30

Over one arme the lustie coursers raine,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blusht, and powted in ■ dull disdaine,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy,
She red, and hot, as coles of glowing fier,
He red for shame, but frostie in desier.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimble she fastens, (ô how quicke is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now,
To tie the rider she begins to prove: 40
Backward she pusht him, as she would be thrust,
And governd him in strength though not in lust.

So soone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

VENUS AND ADONIS

He burnes with bashfull shame, she with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes, 50
Then with her windie sighes, and golden heares,
To fan, and blow them drie againe she seekes.

He saith, she is immodest, blames her misse,
What followes more, she murthers with a kisse.

Even as an emptie Eagle sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in hast,
Till either gorge be stuff, or pray be gone:

Even so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin. 60

Forst to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face.
She feedeth on the steame, as on ■ pray,
And calls it heavenly moisture, aire of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So fastned in her armes Adonis lyes,
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beautie in his angrie eyes: 70
Raine added to a river that is ranke,
Perforce will force it overflow the banke.

Still she intreats, and prettily intreats,
For to a prettie eare she tunes her tale.
Still is he sullein, still he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale,
Being red she loves him best, and being white,
Her best is betterd with a more delight.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but love,
 And by her faire immortall hand she sweares, 80
 From his soft bosome never to remove,
 Till he take truce with her contending teares,
 Which long have rained, making her cheekes al wet,
 And one sweet kisse shal pay this comptlesse debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
 Like a divedapper peering through ■ wave,
 Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
 So offers he to give what she did crave,
 But when her lips were readie for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in sommers heat,
 More thirst for drinke, then she for this good turne,
 Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burne:
 Oh pitie gan she crie, flint-hearted boy,
 Tis but ■ kisse I begge, why art thou coy?

I have bene wooed as I intreat thee now,
 Even by the sterne, and direfull god of warre,
 Whose sinowie necke in battell nere did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes in everie jarre, 100
 Yet hath he bene my captive, and my slave, 11
 And begd for that which thou unaskt shalt have.

Over my Altars hath he hong his launce,
 His battred shield, his uncontrolled crest,
 And for my sake hath learned to sport, and daunce,
 To toy, to wanton, dallie, smile, and jest,
 Scorning his churlish drumme, and ensigne red,
 Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

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Thus he that over-ruled, I over-swayed,
 Leading him prisoner in a red rose chaine, 110
 Strong-temperd steele his stronger strength obeyed.
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdaine,
 Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For maistring her that foyld the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
 Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red,
 The kisse shalbe thine owne as well as mine,
 What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head,
 Looke in mine ey-bals, there thy beautie lyes,
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes? 120

Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,
 And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
 Love keepes his revels where there are but twaine:
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight,
 These blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
 Never can blab, nor know not what we meane.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip,
 Shewes thee unripe; yet maist thou well be tasted,
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip,
 Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted, 130
 Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,
 Rot, and consume them selves in litle time.

Were I hard-favourd, foule, or wrinckled old,
 Il-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
 Ore-worne, despised, reumatique, and cold,
 Thick-sighted, barren, leane, and lacking juyce;
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee,
 But having no defects, why doest abhor me?

VENUS AND ADONIS

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
 Mine eyes are grey, and bright, & quicke in turning:
 My beautie as the spring doth yearelie grow, 141
 My flesh is soft, and plumpe, my marrow burning,
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
 Would in thy palme dissolve, or seeme to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will inchaunt thine eare,
 Or like a Fairie, trip upon the greene,
 Or like a Nymph, with long disheveled heare,
 Daunce on the sands, and yet no footing seene.
 Love is ■ spirit all compact of fire,
 Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire. 150

Witnesse this Primrose banke whereon I lie,
 These forcelesse flowers like sturdy trees support me:
 Two strengthles doves will draw me through the skie,
 From morne till night, even where I list to sport me.
 Is love so light sweet boy, and may it be,
 That thou should thinke it heavie unto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
 Can thy right hand ceaze love upon thy left?
 Then woo thy selfe, be of thy selfe rejected: 159
 Steale thine own freedome, and complaine on theft.
 Narcissus so him selfe him selfe forsooke,
 And died to kisse his shadow in the brooke.

Torches are made to light, jewels to weare,
 Dainties to tast, fresh beautie for the use,
 Herbes for their smell, and sappie plants to beare.
 Things growing to them selves, are growths abuse,
 Seeds spring from seeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,
 Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty.

156. *should: shouldst*—2-13Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Upon the earths increase why shouldst thou feed,
 Unlesse the earth with thy increase be fed? 170
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live, when thou thy selfe art dead:
 And so in spite of death thou doest survive,
 In that thy likenesse still is left alive.

By this the love-sicke Queene began to sweate,
 For where they lay the shadow had forsooke them,
 And Titan tired in the midday heate,
 With burning eye did hotly over-looke them,
 Wishing Adonis had his teame to guide,
 So he were like him, and by Venus side. 180

And now Adonis with a lazie sprite,
 And with a heavie, darke, disliking eye,
 His lowring browes ore-whelming his faire sight,
 Likd mistie vapors when they blot the skie,
 So wring his cheekes, cries, he, no more of loye, *mao*
 The sun doth burne my face I must remove.

Ay, me, (quoth Venus) young, and so unkinde,
 What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gon?
 Ile sigh celestiall breath, whose gentle winde,
 Shall coole the heate of this descending sun: 190
 Ile make a shadow for thee of my heares,
 If they burn too, Ile quench them with my teares.

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warme,
 And lo I lye betweene that sunne, and thee:
 The heat I have from thence doth litle harme,
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,

184. *Likd*: misprint 1Q., for *Like*.

185. *So wring*: *Souring*-2-13Q.

191 and elsewhere. *beares*: *hairs* (*haire*s)-12-13Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heavenly, and earthly sunne.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as steele?
Nay more then flint, for stone at raine relenteth: 200
Art thou a womans sonne and canst not feele
What tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so hard a minde,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I that thou shouldst contemne me this?
Or what great danger, dwels upon my sute?
What were thy lips the worse for one poore kis?
Speake faire, but speake faire words, or else be mute:
Give me one kisse, Ile give it thee againe,
And one for intrest, if thou wilt have twaine, 210

Fie, liveless picture, cold, and sencelesse stone,
Well painted idoll, image dull, and dead,
Statüe contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like ■ man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a mans complexion,
For men will kisse even by their owne direction. ✓

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause,
Red cheeks, and fierie eyes blaze forth her wrong:
Being Judge in love, she cannot right her cause. 220
And now she weeps, & now she faine would speake
And now her sobs do her intendments breake.

Sometime she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometime her armes infold him like a band,
She would, he will not in her armes be bound:

208. comma after first Speake—5-9, 11Q.

211. *liveless*: *lifeless*—SEWALL.

VENUS AND ADONIS

And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivorie pale, 230
Ile be ■ parke, and thou shalt be my deare:
Feed where thou wilt, on mountaine, or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if those hils be drie,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountaines lie.

Within this limit is reliefe inough,
Sweet bottome grasse, and high delightfull plaine,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure, and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest, and from raine:
Then be my deare, since I am such a parke, 239
No dog shal rowze thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles as in disdaine,
That in ech cheeke appeares a prettie dimple;
Love made those hollowes, if him selfe were slaine,
He might be buried in a tombe so simple,
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, & there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Opend their mouthes to swallow Venus liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Strucke dead at first, what needs a second striking? 250
Poore Queene of love, in thine own law forlorne,
To love a cheeke that smiles at thee in scorne.

Now which way shall she turne? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining armes doth urge releasing:
Pitie she cries, some favour, some remorse,
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

VENUS AND ADONIS

But lo from forth a copps that neighbors by,
A breeding Jennet, lustie, young, and proud, 260
Adonis trampling Courser doth espy:
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud.
The strong-neckt steed being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his raine, and to her straight goes hee.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girthes he breaks asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hooft he wounds,
Whose hollow wombe resounds like heavens thunder,
The yron bit he crusheth tweene his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with. 270

His eares up prickt, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compast crest now stand on end,
His nostrils drinke the aire, and forth againe
As from a fornace, vapors doth he send:
His eye which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shewes his hote courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majestie, and modest pride,
Anon he reres upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say, lo thus my strength is tride. 280
And this I do, to captivate the eye,
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his riders angrie sturre,
His flattering holla, or his stand, I say,
What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking spurre,
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay:
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Looke when a Painter would surpasse the life,
 In limming out a well proportioned steed, 290
 His Art with Natures workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed:

So did this Horse excell a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooft, short joynted, fetlocks shag, and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrill wide,
 High crest, short eares, straight legs, & passing strong,
 Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:

Looke what a Horse should have, he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he scuds farre off, and there he stares,
 Anon he starts, at sturring of a feather:
 To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
 And where he runne, or flie, they know not whether:
 For through his mane, & taile, the high wind sings,
 Fanning the haire, who wave like feathred wings.

He lookes upon his love, and neighes unto her,
 She answers him, as if she knew his minde,
 Being proud as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness, seemes unkinde: 310
 Spurnes at his love, and scorns the heat he feelles,
 Beating his kind imbracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,
 He vailes¹ his taile that like a falling plume, ¹lowers
 Coole shadow to his melting buttocke lent,
 He stamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
 His love perceiving how he was inrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his furie was asswag'd.

VENUS AND ADONIS

His testie maister goeth about to take him,
When lo the unbackt breeder full of feare, 320
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the Horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,
Outstripping crowes, that strive to overfly them.

All swolne with chafing, downe Adonis sits,
Banning his boystrous, and unruly beast;
And now the happie season once more fits
That lovesicke love, by pleading may be blest:
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bard the aydance of the tongue. 330

An Oven that is stopt, or river stayed,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorow may be sayd,
Free vent of words loves fier doth asswage,
But when the hearts attourney once is mute,
The client breakes, as desperat in his sute.

He sees her comming, and begins to glow:
Even as a dying coale revives with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angrie brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed minde: 340
Taking no notice that she is so nye,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was wistly to view,
How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red, ech other did destroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flasht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover downe she kneeles, 350
 With one faire hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feeles:
 His tendrer cheeke, receives her soft hands print,
 As apt, as new falne snow takes any dint.

O what a war of lookes was then betweene them,
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
 His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seene them,
 Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdaind the wooing:
 And all this dumbe play had his acts made plain,
 With tears which Chorus-like her eyes did rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lillie prisond in a gaile of snow,
 Or Ivorie in an allablaste band,
 So white a friend, ingirts so white a fo:
 This beautious combat wilfull, and unwilling,
 Showed like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
 O fairest mover on this mortall round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound, 370
 For one sweet looke thy helpe I would assure thee,
 Thogh nothing but my bodies hane wold cure thee

Give me my hand (saith he,) why dost thou feele it?
 Give me my heart (saith she,) and thou shalt have it.

362. *gaile*: *gaol* (Jaile)—2-13Q.

363. *allablaste*: *alabaster*—EWING.

VENUS AND ADONIS

O give it me lest thy hard heart do steele it,
 And being steeld, soft sighes can never grave it.
 Then loves deepe grones, I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

For shame he cries, let go, and let me go,
 My dayes delight is past, my horse is gone, 380
 And tis your fault I am bereft him so,
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone,
 For all my mind, my thought, my busie care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies, thy palfrey as he should,
 Welcomes the warme approach of sweet desire,
 Affection is a coale that must be coold,
 Else sufferd it will set the heart on fire,
 The sea hath bounds, but deepe desire hath none,
 Therfore no marvell though thy horse be gone.

Höw like a jade he stood tied to the tree, 391
 Servilly maisterd with a leatherne raine,
 But when he saw his love, his youths faire fee,
 He held such pettie bondage in disdaine:
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his brest.

Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hew then white,
 But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents ayme at like delight? 400
 Who is so faint that dares not be so bold,
 To touch the fier the weather being cold?

VENUS AND ADONIS

Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy,
Though I were dumbe, yet his proceedings teach thee
O learne to love, the lesson is but plaine,
And once made perfect, never lost againe.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Unlesse it be a Boare, and then I chase it, 410
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My love to love, is love, but to disgrace it,
For I have heard, it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who weares a garment shapelesse and unfinisht?
Who plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?
If springing things be anie jot diminisht,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth,
The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong. 420

You hurt my hand with wringing, let us part,
And leave this idle theame, this bootlesse chat,
Remove your siege from my unyeelding hart,
To loves allarmes it will not ope the gate,
Dismisse your vows, your fained tears, your flattery,
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.

What canst thou talke (quoth she) hast thou a tong?
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing,
Thy marmaites voice hath done me double wrong,
I had my lode before, now prest with bearing, 430
Mellodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Eares deep sweet musik, & harts deep sore wounding

VENUS AND ADONIS

Had I no eyes but cares, my cares would love,
 That inward beautie and invisible,
 Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would move
 Ech part in me, that were but sensible,
 Though neither eyes, nor cares, to heare nor see,
 Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say that the sence of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor heare, nor touch, 440
 And nothing but the verie smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much,
 For from the stillitorie of thy face excelling,
 Coms breath perfumd, that breedeth love by smell-
 ing. |

But oh what banquet wert thou to the tast,
 Being nourse, and feeder of the other foure,
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
 And bid suspition double looke the dore;
 Lest jealousie that sower unwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in disturbe the feast? 450

Once more the rubi-colourd portall open'd,
 Which to his speech did honie passage yeeld,
 Like a red morne that ever yet betokend,
 Wracke to the sea-man, tempest to the field:
 Sorrow to shepherds, wo unto the birds,
 Gusts, and foule flawes, to heardmen, & to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
 Even as the wind is husht before it raineth:

448. *looke: Locke*—LINTOTT.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh:
Or as the berrie breakes before it staineth: 460
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun:
His meaning stricke her ere his words begun.

And at his looke she flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill love, and love by lookes reviveth,
A smile recures the wounding of ■ frowne,
But blessed bankrout that by love so thriveth.
The sillie boy beleeving she is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did thinke to reprehend her, 470
Which cunning love did wittily prevent,
Faire-fall the wit that can so well defend her:
For on the grasse she lyes as she were slaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand wayes he seekes,
To mend the hurt, that his unkindnesse mard,
He kisses her, and she by her goodwill,
Will never rise, so he will kisse her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly she upheaveth,
Like the faire sunne when in his fresh array,
He cheeres the morne, and all the earth releeveth:
And as the bright sunne glorifies the skie:
So is her face illumind with her eye.

Whose beames upon his hairelesse face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine,

VENUS AND ADONIS

Were never foure such lamps, together mixt,
 Had not his clouded with his browes repine. 490
 But hers, which through the cristal tears gave light,
 Shone like the Moone in water seene by night.

O where am I (quoth she,) in earth or heaven,
 Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire:
 What houre is this, or morne, or wearie even,
 Do I delight to die or life desire?
 But now I liv'd, and life was deaths annoy,
 But now I dy'de, and death was lively joy.

O thou didst kill me, kill me once againe,
 Thy eyes shrowd tutor, that hard heart of thine, 500
 Hath taught them scornfull tricks, & such disdain,
 That they have murdred this poore heart of mine,
 And these mine eyes true leaders to their queene,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seene.

Long may they kisse ech other for this cure,
 Oh never let their crimson liveries weare,
 And as they last, their verdour still endure,
 To drive infection from the dangerous yeare:
 That the star-gazers having writ on death,
 May say, the plague is banisht by thy breath. 510

Pure lips, sweet scales in my soft lips imprinted,
 What bargaines may I make still to be sealing?
 To sell my selfe I can be well contented,
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing,
 Which purchase if thou make, for feare of slips,
 Set thy seale manuell; on my wax-red lips.

500. *eyes sbrowd*: eyes' shrewd—MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS

A thousand kisses buyes my heart from me,
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one,
 What is ten hundred touches unto thee,
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone? 520
 Say for non-paiment, that the debt should double,
 Is twentie hundred kisses such a trouble?

Faire Queene (quoth he) if anie love you owe me,
 Measure my strangenesse with my unripe yeares,
 Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know me,
 No fisher but the ungrowne frie forbearēs,
 The mellow plum doth fall, the greene sticks fast,
 Or being early pluckt, is sower to tast.

Looke the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
 His dayes hot taske hath ended in the west, 530
 The owle (nights herald) shrieks, tis verie late,
 The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
 And cole-black clouds, that shadow heavens light,
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say goodnight, and so say you,
 If you will say so, you shall have a kis;
 Goodnight (quoth she) and ere he sayes adue,
 The honie fee of parting tendred is,
 Her armes do lend his necke a sweet imbrace, 539
 Incorporate then they seeme, face growes to face.

Till breathlesse he disjoynd, and backward drew,
 The heavenly moisture that sweet corall mouth,
 Whose precious tast, her thirstie lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfet, yet complaine on drouth,
 Ho with her plentie prest she faint with dearth,
 Their lips together glewed, fall to the earth.

529. *gate; galt*—MALONE.

545. *Ho: for He*, misprint 1Q

VENUS AND ADONIS

Now quicke desire hath caught the yeelding pray,
And gluttonlike she feeds, yet never filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obay,
Paying what ransome the insulter willeth: 550
Whose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hie,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure drie.

And having felt the sweetnesse of the spoile,
With blind fold furie she begins to forrage,
Her face doth reeke, & smoke, her blood doth boile,
And carelesse lust stirs up ■ desperat courage,
Planting oblivion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wracke.

Hot, faint, and wearie, with her hard imbracing, 559
Like ■ wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant stild with dandling:
He now obayes, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What waxe so frozen but dissolves with tempring,
And yeelds at last to everie light impression?
'Things out of hope, are compast oft with ventring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward, 569
But then woes best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frowne, ô had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt,
Foule wordes, and frownes, must not repell a lover,
What though the rose have prickles, yet tis pluckt?
Were beautie under twentie locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, & picks them all at last.

VENUS AND ADONIS

For pittie now she can no more detaine him,
The poore foole praies her that he may depart,
She is resolv'd no longer to restraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart, 580
The which by Cupids bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his brest.

Sweet boy she saies, this night ile wast in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch,
Tell me loves maister, shall we meete to morrow,
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tell's her no, to morrow he intends,
To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends.

The boare (quoth she) whereat a suddain pale,
Like lawne being spred upon the blushing rose, 590
Usurpes her cheeke, she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoaking armes she throwes.
She sincketh downe, still hanging by his necke,
He on her belly fall's, she on her backe.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
All is imaginarie she doth prove,
He will not mannage her, although he mount her,
That worse then Tantalus is her annoy,
To clip Elizium, and to lacke her joy. 600

Even so poore birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfet by the eye, and pine the maw:
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poore birds that helplesse berries saw,
The warme effects which she in him finds missing,
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

VENUS AND ADONIS

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not bee,
 She hath assai'd as much as may be prov'd,
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee,
 She's love; she loves, and yet she is not lov'd, 610
 Fie, fie, he saies, you crush me, let me go,
 You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou had bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
 But that thou toldst me, thou woldst hunt the boare,
 Oh be advisd, thou know'st not what it is,
 With javelings point a churlish swine to goare,
 Whose tushes never sheathd, he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On his bow-backe, he hath a battell set,
 Of brisly pikes that ever threat his foes, 620
 His eyes like glow-wormes shine when he doth fret
 His snout digs sepulchers where ere he goes,
 Being mov'd he strikes, what ere is in his way,
 And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawnie sides with hairie bristles armed,
 Are better prooffe then thy speares point can enter,
 His short thick necke cannot be easily harmed,
 Being irefull, on the lyon he will venter,
 The thornie brambles, and imbracing bushes, 629
 As fearefull of him part, through whom he rushes.

Alas, he naught esteem's that face of thine,
 To which loves eyes paies tributarie gazes,
 Nor thy soft handes, sweet lips, and christall cine,
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes,

616. *javelings*: *javelins*—4-13Q.

628. *venter*: *venture*—GILDON.

632. *paies*: *pay*—MALONE

VENUS AND ADONIS

But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
 Wold roote these beauties, as he root's the mead.

Oh let him keep his loathsome cabin still,
 Beautie hath naught to do with such foule fiends,
 Come not within his danger by thy will, 639
 They that thrive well, take counsell of their friends,
 When thou didst name the boare, not to dissemble
 I feard thy fortune, and my joynts did tremble.

Didst thou not marke my face, was it not white?
 Sawest thou not signes of feare lurke in mine eye?
 Grew I not faint, and fell I not downe right?
 Within my bosome whereon thou doest lye,
 My boding heart, pants, beats, and takes no rest,
 But like an earthquake, shakes thee on my brest.

For where love raignes, disturbing jealousy,
 Doth call him selfe affections centinell, 650
 Gives false alarmes, suggesteth mutinie,
 And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,
 Distempring gentle love in his desire,
 As aire, and water do abate the fire.

This sower informer, this bate-breeding spie,
 This canker that eates up loves tender spring,
 This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
 That sometime true newes, sometime false doth bring,
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine eare,
 That if I love thee, I thy death should feare. 660

And more then so, presenteth to mine eye,
 The picture of an angrie chafing boare,

VENUS AND ADONIS

Under whose sharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,
 An image like thy selfe, all staynd with goare,
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
 Doth make them droop with grief, & hang the hed.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed?
 That tremble at th'imagination,
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
 And feare doth teach it divination; 670
 I prophecie thy death, my living sorrow,
 If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
 Uncouple at the timerous flying hare,
 Or at the foxe which lives by subiltie,
 Or at the Roe which no incounter dare:
 Pursue these fearfull creatures o're the downes,
 And on thy wel breathd horse keep with thy hounds

And when thou hast on foote the purblind hare,
 Marke the poore wretch to over-shut his troubles, 680
 How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
 He crankes and crosses with a thousand doubles,
 The many musits¹ through the which he goes,
 Are like a laberinth to amaze his foes. ¹ *bedge-tracks*

Sometime he runnes among a flocke of sheepe,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
 And sometime where earth-delving Conies keepe,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell: ² *falls in*
 And sometime sorteth² with a heard of deare,
 Danger deviseth shifts, wit waites on feare. 690

668. *th'imagination: the imagination*-2-4Q.

680. *over-shut: overshoot*-DYCK. 683. *musits: musets*-HUDSON.

VENUS AND ADONIS

For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot sent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
 Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
 Then do they spend their mouth's, eccho replies,
 As if an other chase were in the skies.

By this poore wat farre off upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder-legs with listning eare,
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still,
 Anon their loud alarums he doth heare, 700
 And now his griefe may be compared well,
 To one sore sicke, that heares the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
 Turne, and returne, indenting with the way,
 Ech envious brier, his wearie legs do scratch,
 Ech shadow makes him stop, ech murmour stay,
 For miserie is troden on by manie,
 And being low, never releev'd by anie.

Lye quietly, and heare a litle more,
 Nay do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise, 710
 To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
 Unlike my selfe thou hear'st me moralize,
 Applying this to that, and so to so,
 For love can comment upon everie wo.

Where did I leave? no matter where (quoth he)
 Leave me, and then the storie aptly ends,
 The night is spent; why what of that (quoth she?)
 I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
 And now tis darke, and going I shall fall.
 In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all. 720

695. *mouth's: mouths*—4-13Q.

705. *do: doth*—4-13Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
 The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kis,
 Rich prayes make true-men theeves: so do thy lips
 Make modest Dyan, cloudie and forlorne,
 Lest she should steale a kisse and die forsworne.

Now of this darke night I perceive the reason,
 Cinthia for shame, obscures her silver shine,
 'Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven, that were divine, 730
 Wherin she fram'd thee, in hie heavens despight,
 To shame the sunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies,
 To crosse the curious workmanship of nature,
 To mingle beautie with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature,
 Making it subject to the tyrannie,
 Of mad mischances, and much miserie.

As burning feavers, agues pale, and faint,
 Life-poysoning pestilence, and frendzies wood,¹ 740
 The marrow-eating sicknesse whose attaint, ^{1 mad}
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood,
 Surfets, impostumes, griefe, and damnd dispaire,
 Sweare natures death, for framing thee so faire.

And not the least of all these maladies,
 But in one minutes fight brings beautie under,
 Both favour, savour, hew, and qualities,
 Whereat the th'impartiall gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thawed, and donne,
 As mountain snow melts with the midday sonne.

724. *prayes: preys*—3-13Q.

748. *the th': the*—EWING.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Therefore despight of fruitlesse chastitie, 75¹
 Love-lacking Vestals, and selfe-loving Nuns,
 That on the earth would breed a scarcitie,
 And barraine dearth of daughters, and of suns;
 Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,
 Dries up his oyle, to lend the world his light.

What is thy bodie but a swallowing grave,
 Seeming to burie that posteritie,
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
 If thou destroy them not in darke obscuritie? 760
 If so the world will hold thee in disdaine,
 Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is slaine.

So in thy selfe, thy selfe art made away,
 A mischief worse then civill home-bred strife,
 Or theirs worse desperat hands them selves do slay,
 Or butcher sire, that reaves his sonne of life:
 Foule cankring rust, the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that's put to use more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth Adon) you will fall againe,
 Into your idle over-handled theame, 770
 The kisse I gave you is bestow'd in vaine,
 And all in vaine you strive against the streame,
 For by this black-fac't night, desires foule nourse,
 Your treatise makes me like you, worse & worse.

If love have lent you twentie thousand tongues,
 And everie tongue more moving then your owne,
 Bewitching like the wanton Marmails songs,
 Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,
 For know my heart stands armed in mine eare,
 And will not let a false sound enter there. 780

VENUS AND ADONIS

Lest the deceiving harmonie should ronne,
 Into the quiet closure of my brest,
 And then my litle heart were quite undone,
 In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest,
 No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I can not reprove?
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger,
 I hate not love, but your devise in love,
 That lends imbracements unto every stranger, 790
 You do it for increase, ô straunge excuse!
 When reason is the bawd to lusts abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating lust on earth usurpt his name,
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed,
 Upon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame;
 Which the hot tyrant staines, & soone bereaves:
 As Caterpillers do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sun-shine after raine,
 But lusts effect is tempest after sunne, 800
 Loves gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,
 Lusts winter comes, ere sommer halfe be donne:
 Love surfets not, lust like ■ glutton dies:
 Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say,
 The text is old, the Orator too greene,
 Therefore in sadnesse, now I will away,
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teene,
 Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
 Do burne them selves, for having so offended. 810

781. *ronne*: run-4-13Q. 784. *bard*: barr'd (bar'd)-LINTOTT.

VENUS AND ADONIS

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
Of those faire armes which bound him to her brest,
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace,
Leaves love upon her backe, deeply distrest,

Looke how a bright star shooteth from the skye;
So glides he in the night from Venus eye.

Which after him she dartes, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wilde waves will have him seene no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting cloudes contend: 820

So did the mercillesse, and pitchie night,
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amas'd as one that unaware,
Hath dropt a precious jewell in the flood,
Or stonisht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in some mistrustfull wood;
Even so confounded in the darke she lay,
Having lost the faire discoverie of her way.

And now she beates her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caves as seeming troubled, 830
Make verball repetition of her mones,
Passion on passion, deeply is redoubled,
Ay me, she cries, and twentie times, wo, wo,
And twentie ecchoes, twentie times crie so,

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a wofull dittie,
How love makes yong-men thrall, & old men dote,
How love is wise in follie, foolish wittie:

Her heavie antheme still concludes in wo,
And still the quier of ecchoes answer so. 840

VENUS AND ADONIS

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For lovers houres are long, though seeming short,
If pleasd themselves, others they thinke delight,
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
 Their copious stories oftentimes begunne,
 End without audience, and are never donne.

For who hath she to spend the night withall,
But idle sounds resembling parasits?
Like shrill-tongu'd Tapsters answering everie call,
Soothing the humor of fantastique wits, 850
 She sayes tis so, they answer all tis so,
 And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo here the gentle larke wearie of rest,
From his moyst cabinet mounts up on hie,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver brest,
The sunne ariseth in his majestie,
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That Ceader tops and hils, seeme burnisht gold.

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,
Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light, 860
From whom ech lamp, and shining star doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
 There lives a sonne that suckt an earthly mother,
 May lend thee light, as thou doest lend to other.

This sayd, she hasteth to a mirtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,
And yet she heares no tidings of her love;
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
 Anon she heares them chaunt it lustily,
 And all in hast she coasteth to the cry. 870

VENUS AND ADONIS

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,
 Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
 Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay,
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
 Hastning to feed her fawne, hid in some brake,

By this she heares the hounds are at a bay,
 Whereat she starts like one that spies an adder,
 Wreath'd up in fatall folds just in his way,
 The feare whereof doth make him shake, & shudder,
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds, 881
 Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
 Because the eric remaineth in one place,
 Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
 Finding their enemies to be so curst,
 They all straine curt'sie who shall cope him first.

This dismall eric rings sadly in her eare,
 Through which it enters to surprise her hart, 890
 Who overcome by doubt, and bloodlesse feare,
 With cold-pale weaknesse, nuns each feeling part,
 Like soldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
 They basely flie, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
 Till cheering up her senses all dismayd,
 She tels them tis a causlesse fantastic,
 And childish error that they are affrayd,
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them feare no more,
 And with that word, she spide the hunted boare.

873. twin'd / twine=82.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Whose frothie mouth bepainted all with red, 901
 Like milke, & blood, being mingled both together,
 A second feare through all her sinewes spread,
 Which madly hurries her, she knowes not whither,
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But backe retires, to rate the boare for murther.

A thousand spleenes beare her ■ thousand wayes,
 She treads the path, that she untreads againe;
 Her more then hast, is mated with delayes,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken braine, 910
 Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting,
 In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kenneld in ■ brake, she finds a hound,
 And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maister,
 And there another licking of his wound,
 Gainst venim'd sores, the onely soveraigne plaister.
 And here she meets another, sadly skowling,
 To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceast his ill resounding noise,
 Another flapmouth'd mourner, blacke, and grim, 920
 Against the welkin, volies out his voyce,
 Another, and another, answer him,
 Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratcht-ears, bleeding as they go.

Looke how, the worlds poore people are amazed,
 At apparitions, signes, and prodigies,
 Whereon with feareful eyes, they long have gazed,
 Infusing them with dreadfull prophecies;
 So she at these sad signes, drawes up her breath,
 And sighing it againe, exclames on death. 930

VENUS AND ADONIS

Hard favoured tyrant, ougly, meagre, leane,
 Hatefull divorce of love, (thus chides she death)
 Grim-grinning ghost, earths-worme what dost thou
 meane? |

To stifle beautie, and to steale his breath?
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beautie set
 Glosse on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be,
 Seeing his beautie, thou shouldst strike at it,
 Oh yes, it may, thou hast no eyes to see,
 But hatefully at randon doest thou hit, 940
 Thy marke is feeble age, but thy false dart,
 Mistakes that aime, and cleaves an infants hart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,
 The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
 They bid thee crop ■ weed, thou pluckst a flower,
 Loves golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not deaths ebon dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such wee-
 ping, |
 What may a heavie grone advantage thee? 950
 Why hast thou cast into eternall sleeping,
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
 Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
 Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome as one full of dispaire,
 She vaild her eye-lids, who like sluces stopt

940. *randon*: random-5-13Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

The christall tide, that from her two cheeks faire,
 In the sweet channell of her bosome dropt.
 But through the floud-gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them againe. 960

O how her eyes, and teares, did lend, and borrow,
 Her eye seene in the teares, teares in her eye,
 Both christals, where they viewd ech others sorrow:
 Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to drye,
 But like a stormie day, now wind, now raine,
 Sighs drie her cheek, tears make them wet againe.

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
 As striving who should best become her griefe,
 All entertaind, ech passion labours so,
 That every present sorrow seemeth chiefe, 970
 But none is best, then joyne they all together,
 Like many clouds, consulting for foule weather.

By this farre off, she heares some huntsman hallow,
 A nourses song nere pleasd her babe so well,
 The dyre imagination she did follow,
 This sound of hope doth labour to expell,
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoyce,
 And flatters her, it is Adonis voyce.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
 Being prised in her eye: like pearles in glasse, 980
 Yet sometimes fals an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheeke melts, as scorning it should passe
 To wash the foule face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drownd.

962. *eye seene*: eyes seen—8-132.

973. comma after *this*—MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS

O hard beleeving love how strange it seemes!
Not to beleeve, and yet too credulous:
Thy weale, and wo, are both of them extreames,
Despaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly. 990

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame:
It was not she that cald him all to nought;
Now she ads honours to his hatefull name.
She clepes him king of graves, & grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortall things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet death, I did but jest,
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare
When as I met the boare, that bloodie beast,
Which knows no pitie but is still severe, 1000
Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)
I rayld on thee, fearing my loves decesse.

Tis not my fault, the Bore provok't my tong,
Be wreak't on him (invisible commaunder)
T'is he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy slaunder
Greefe hath two tongues, and never woman yet,
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate, 1010
And that his beautie may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate.

Tels him of trophies, statues, tombes, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

1013. comma after stories out-MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS

O Jove quoth she, how much ■ foole was I,
 To be of such a weake and sillie mind,
 To waile his death who lives, and must not die,
 Till mutuall overthrow of mortall kind?
 For he being dead, with him is beautie slaine,
 And beautie dead, blacke Chaos comes againe. 1020

Fy, fy, fond love, thou art as full of feare,
 As one with treasure laden, hem'd with theeves,
 Trifles unwitnessed with eye, or eare,
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking greeves.
 Even at this word she heares ■ merry horne,
 Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorne.

As Faulcons to the lure, away she flies,
 The grasse stoops not, she treads on it so light,
 And in her hast, unfortunately spies,
 The foule boares conquest, on her faire delight, 1030
 Which seene, her eyes are murdred with the view,
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the snaile, whose tender hornes being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shellie cave with paine,
 And, there all smoothred up, in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
 So at his bloodie view her eyes are fled,
 Into the deep-darke cabbins of her head.

Where they resigne their office, and their light,
 To the disposing of her troubled braine, 1040
 Who bids them still consort with ougly night,
 And never wound the heart with lookes againe,
 Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion, gives a deadly grone.

1027. *Faulcons: falcon*-5-13Q.

1031. *are: as*-3-13Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Whereat ech tributarie subject quakes,
As when the wind imprisond in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror, doth mens minds confound:

This mutinie ech part doth so surprise, 1049
That from their dark beds once more leap her eies.

And being opend, threw unwilling light,
Upon the wide wound, that the boare had trencht
In his soft flanke, whose wonted lillie white
With purple tears that his wound wept, had drencht.
No floure was nigh, no grasse, hearb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seemd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathie, poore Venus noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumblie she passions, frantikely she doteth,
She thinkes he could not die, he is not dead, 1060
Her voyce is stopt, her joynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly,
That her sight dazling, makes the wound seem three,
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes, where no breach shuld be:
His face seems twain, ech severall lim is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled

My tongue cannot expresse my grieve for one,
And yet (quoth she) behold two Adons dead, 1070
My sighes are blowne away, my salt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
Heavie hearts lead melt at mine eyes red fire,
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

1054. *bad: was-5-9, 11-13Q.*

VENUS AND ADONIS

Alas poore world what treasure hast thou lost,
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is musick now? what canst thou boast,
Of things long since, or any thing insuing?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh, and trim,
But truesweet beautie liv'd, and di'de with him. 1080

Bonnet, nor vaile henceforth no creature weare,
Nor sunne, nor wind will ever strive to kisse you,
Having no faire to lose, you need not feare,
The sun doth skorne you, & the wind doth hisse you.
But when Adonis liv'de, sunne, and sharpe aire,
Lurkt like two theeves, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudie sunne would pæpe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gon,
Play with his locks, then would Adonis weepe. 1090
And straight in pittie of his tender yeares,
They both would strive who first should drie his
teares. |

To see his face the Lion walkt along,
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him:
To recreate himself when he hath song,
The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him.
If he had spoke; the wolfe would leave his praie,
And never fright the sillie lambe that daie.

When he beheld his shadow in the brooke,
The fishes spread on it their golden gils, 1100
When he was by the birds such pleasure tooke,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries & ripe-red cherries,
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

VENUS AND ADONIS

But this foule, grim, and urchin-snowted Boare,
Whose downeward eye still looketh for a grave:
Ne're saw the beautious liverie that he wore,
Witnesse the intertainment that he gave.

If he did see his face, why then I know,

He thought to kisse him, and hath kild him so. 1110

Tis true, tis true, thus was Adonis slaine,
He ran upon the Boare with his sharpe speare,
Who did not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kisse thought to persuade him there.

And nousling in his flanke the loving swine,
Sheath'd unaware the tuske in his soft groine.

Had I bin tooth'd like him I must confesse,
With kissing him I should have kild him first,
But he is dead, and never did he blesse
My youth with his, the more am I accurst. 1120

With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And staines her face with his congealed bloud.

She lookes upon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whispers in his eares a heavie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words she told:

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darknesse lies.

Two glasses where her selfe, her selfe beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect, 1130
Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,
And everie beautie robd of his effect;

Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
That thou being dead, the day shuld yet be light.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be wayted on with jealousie,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavorie end.

Nere settled equally, but high or lo,
That all loves pleasure shall not match his wo. 1140

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing while,
The bottome poyson, and the top ore-strawd
With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile,
The strongest bodie shall it make most weake,
Strike the wise dumbe, & teach the foole to speake.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,
The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet, 1149
Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treasures,
It shall be raging mad, and sillie milde,
Make the yong old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,
It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,
It shall be mercifull, and too seveare,
And most deceiving, when it seemes most just,
Perverse it shall be, where it shoves most toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of warre, and dire events,
And set dissention twixt the sonne, and sire, 1160
Subject, and servill to all discontents:
As drie combustious matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.

VENUS AND ADONIS

By this the boy that by her side laie kild,
Was melted like ■ vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground laie spild,
A purple floure sproong up, checkred with white,
Resembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,
Which in round drops, upon their whitenesse stood.

She bowes her head, the new-sprong floure to smel, 1171
Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,
Since he himselfe is reft from her by death;
She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appeares,
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,
Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling sire,
For everie little griefe to wet his eies,
To grow unto himselfe was his desire; 1180
And so tis thine, but know it is as good,
To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.
Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing hart shall rock thee day and night;
There shall not be one minute in an houre,
Wherein I wil not kisse my sweet loves floure.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aide, 1190
Their mistresse mounted through the emptie skies,
In her light chariot, quickly is convaide,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,
Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seen.

FINIS

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

LUCRECE

LONDON

PRINTED BY RICHARD FIELD, FOR JOHN HARRISON; AND ARE
TO BE SOLD AT THE SIGNE OF THE WHITE GREYHOUND
IN PAULES CHURH-YARD. 1594.

TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE, HENRY

Wriothesley, Earle of Southhampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without
end: wherof this Pamphlet without beginning is but
a superfluous Moity. The warrant I have of your
Honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutord
Lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I have
done is yours, what I have to doe is yours, being part
in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater,
my duety would shew greater, meane time, as it is, it
is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life
still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duety.

William Shakespeare.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after hee had caused his owne father in law Servius Tullius to be cruelly mured, and contrarie to the Romaine lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other Noble men of Rome, to besiege Ardea, during which siege, the principall men of the Army meeting one evening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius the Kings sonne, in their discourses after supper every one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by theyr secret and sodaine arrivall to make triall of that which every one had before avouched, onely Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maides, the other Ladies were all found dauncing and revelling, or in severall disports: whereupon the Noble men yeelded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the Fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being enflamed with Lucrece beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe: from whence he shortly after privily withdrewd himselfe and was (according to his

estate) royally entertayned and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night he tretcherauslie stealeth into her Chamber, violently ravisht her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth Messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the Campe for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habite, demanded the cause of her sorrow. Shee first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the Actor, and whole maner of his dealing, and withball sodainely stabbed her selfe. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to roote out the whole bated family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deede: with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from Kings to Consuls.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
 Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed TARQUIN, leaves the Roman host,
 And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,
 Which in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,
 And girdle with embracing flames, the wast
 Of COLATINES fair love, LUCRECE the chast.

Hap'ly that name of chast, unhap'ly set
 This batelesse¹ edge on his keene appetite: ¹ *unblunted*
 When COLATINE unwisely did not let,² ² *stop* 10
 To praise the cleare unmatched red and white,
 Which triumpht in that skie of his delight:
 Where mortal stars as bright as heavens Beauties,
 With pure aspects did him peculiar dueties.

For he the night before in Tarquins tent,
 Unlockt the treasure of his happie state:
 What priselesse wealth the heavens had him lent,
 In the possession of his beauteous mate.
 Reckning his fortune at such high proud rate,
 That Kings might be espoused to more fame, 20
 But King nor Peere to such a peerelesse dame.

8. *unhap'ly*: **unhappily** (*unhapp'ly*—MALONE)—COLLIER.

LUCRECE

O happinesse enjoy'd but of a few,
 And if possest as soone decayed and done:
 As is the mornings silver melting dew,
 Against the golden splendour of the Sunne.
 An expir'd date canceld ere well begunne.
 Honour and Beautie in the owners armes,
 Are weakelie fortrest from a world of harmes.

Beautie it selfe doth of it selfe perswade,
 The eies of men without an Orator, 30
 What needeth then Apologies be made
 To set forth that which is so singuler?
 Or why is COLATINE the publisher
 Of that rich jewell he should keepe unknown,
 From theevish eares because it is his owne?

Perchance his bost of LUCRECE Sov'raintie,
 Suggested this proud issue of a King:
 For by our eares our hearts oft taynted be:
 Perchance that envie of so rich a thing
 Braving compare, disdainefully did sting 40
 His high picht thoughts that meaner men should vant
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimelie thought did instigate,
 His all too timelesse speede if none of those,
 His honor, his affaires, his friends, his state,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes,
 To quench the coale which in his liver glowes.
 O rash false heate, wrapt in repentant cold,
 Thy hastie spring still blasts and nere growes old.

24. *mornings*: morning—BODLEIAN 1Q. *silver melting*: silver-melt-
 ing—MALONE.

31. *Apologies*: appologie—BODLEIAN 1Q.

LUCRECE

When at Colatia this false Lord arrived, 50
 Well was he welcom'd by the Romaine dame,
 Within whose face Beautie and Vertue strived,
 Which of them both should underprop her fame.
 When Vertue brag'd, Beautie wold blush for shame,
 When Beautie bosted blushes, in despight
 Vertue would staine that ore with silver white.

But Beautie in that white entituled,
 From Venus doves doth challenge that faire field,
 Then Vertue claimes from Beautie, Beauties red,
 Which Vertue gave the golden age, to guild 60
 Their silver cheekes, and cald it then their shield,
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight
 When shame assaild, the red should fence the white.

This Herauldry in LUCRECE face was seene,
 Argued by Beauties red and Vertues white,
 Of eithers colour was the other Queene:
 Proving from worlds minority their right,
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:
 The sovereignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange ech others seat. 70

This silent warre of Lillies and of Roses,
 Which TARQUIN vew'd in her faire faces field,
 In their pure ranks his traytor eye encloses,
 Where least betweene them both it should be kild.
 The coward captive vanquished, doth yeeld
 To those two Armies that would let him goe,
 Rather then triumph in so false a foe.

50. *Colatia*: *Collatium* (*Colatium*)-BODLEIAN IQ.

56. *ore*: o'er-GILDON.

65. *Beauties* .. *Vertues*: *beauty's* .. *virtue's*-SEWELL.

LUCRECE

Now thinkes he that her husbands shallow tongue,
 The niggard prodigall that praisde her so:
 In that high taske hath done her Beauty wrong. 80
 Which farre exceeds his barren skill to show.
 Therefore that praise which COLATINE doth owe,
 Inchaunted TARQUIN aunswers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint adored by this devill,
 little suspecteth the false worshipper:
 "For unstaind thoughts do seldom dream on evill.
 "Birds never lim'd, no secret bushes feare:
 So guiltlesse shee securely gives good cheare,
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest, 90
 Whose inward ill no outward harme exprest.

For that he colourd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in pleats of Majestie:
 That nothing in him seemd inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
 Which having all, all could not satisfie;
 But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
 That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop't with straunger eies,
 Could picke no meaning from their parling¹ lookes, 100
 Nor read the subtle shining secrecies, ^{1 speaking}
 Writ in the glassie margents of such bookes,
 Shee toucht no unknown baits, nor feard no hooks,
 Nor could shee moralize his wanton sight,
 More than his eies were opend to the light.

101. *subtle sbining*: *subtle-shining*—MALONE.

LUCRECE

He stories to her eares her husbands fame,
 Wonne in the fields of fruitfull Italie:
 And decks with praises Colatines high name,
 Made glorious by his manlie chivalrie,
 With bruised armes and wreathes of victorie, 110
 Her joie with heaved-up hand she doth expresse,
 And wordlesse so greetes heaven for his successe.

Far from the purpose of his comming thither,
 He makes excuses for his being there,
 No clowdie show of stormie blustering wether,
 Doth yet in his faire welkin once appeare,
 Till sable Night mother of dread and feare,
 Uppon the world dim darknesse doth displaie,
 And in her vaultie prison, stowes the daie.

For then is Tarquine brought unto his bed, 120
 Intending wearinesse with heavie sprite:
 For after supper long he questioned,
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night,
 Now leaden slumber with lives strength doth fight,
 And everie one to rest themselves betake,
 Save theeves, and cares, and troubled minds that
 wake. |

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundrie dangers of his wils obtaining:
 Yet ever to obtaine his will resolving.
 Though weake-built hopes perswade him to abstai-
 ning | 130
 Dispaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,
 And when great treasure is the meede proposed,
 Though death be adjunct, ther's no death supposed.

113. *thither*: hither—DYCE.

124. *lives*: life's—3Q.

126. *wake*: wakes—BODLEIAN 1Q.

LUCRECE

Those that much covet are with gaine so fond,
 That what they have not, that which they possesse
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And so by hoping more they have but lesse,
 Or gaining more, the profite of excesse
 Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,
 That they prove banckrout in this poore rich gain.

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life, 141
 With honor, wealth, and ease in wainyng age:
 And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:
 As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,
 Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leave to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect:
 And this ambitious foule infirmitie, 150
 In having much torments us with defect
 Of that we have: so then we doe neglect
 The thing we have, and all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting TARQUIN make,
 Pawning his honor to obtaine his lust,
 And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake.
 Then where is truth if there be no selfe-trust?
 When shall he thinke to find a stranger just, 159
 When he himselfe, himselfe confounds, betraies,
 To sclandrous tongues & wretched hateful daies?

140. *banckrout*: bankrupt—GILDON.

LUCRECE

Now stole uppon the time the dead of night,
 When heavie sleep had closd up mortall eyes,
 No comfortable starre did lend his light,
 No noise but Owles, & wolves death-boding cries
 Now serves the season that they may surprise
 The sillie Lambes, pure thoughts are dead & still,
 While Lust and Murder wakes to staine and kill

And now this lustfull Lord leapt from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme, 170
 Is madly tost betweene desire and dred;
 Th'one sweetely flatters, th'other feareth harme,
 But honest feare, bewicht with lustes foule charme,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brainesicke rude desire.

His Faulchon on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the could stone sparkes of fire doe flic,
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be lodestarre to his lustfull eye.
 And to the flame thus speakes advisedlie; 180
 As from this cold flint I enforst this fire,
 So LUCRECE must I force to my desire.

Here pale with feare he doth premeditate
 The daungers of his lothsome enterprise:
 And in his inward mind he doth debate,
 What following sorrow may on this arise.
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
 His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
 And justly thus controlls his thoughts unjust.

163. *sleep*: misprint 1Q.

168. *wakes*: wake—MALONE.

LUCRECE

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not 190
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
 And die unhallowed thoughts, before you blot
 With your uncleannesse, that which is devine:
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
 Let faire humanitie abhor the deede,
 That spots & stains loves modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining Armes,
 O foule dishonor to my housholds grave:
 O impious act including all foule harmes.
 A martiall man to be soft fancies slave, 200
 True valour still a true respect should have,
 Then my digression¹ is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face. ¹*transgression*

Yea though I die the scandale will survive,
 And be an eie sore in my golden coate:
 Some lothsome dash the Herrald will contrive,
 To cipher me how fondlie I did dote:
 That my posteritie sham'd with the note
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sinne,
 To wish that I their father had not beene. 210

What win I if I gaine the thing I seeke?
 A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
 Who buies a minutes mirth to waile ■ weeke?
 Or sels eternitie to get a toy?
 For one sweete grape who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond begger, but to touch the crowne,
 Would with the scepter straight be stroken down?

217. *stroken*: *strucken*—6-8Q.

LUCRECE

If COLATINUS dreame of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desp'rate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? 220
This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying vertue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will beare an ever-during blame.

O what excuse can my invention make
When thou shalt charge me with so blacke a deed?
Wil not my tongue be mute, my fraile joints shake?
Mine eies forgo their light, my false hart bleede?
The guilt beeing great, the feare doth still excede;
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie, 230
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINUS kild my sonne or sire,
Or laine in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my deare friend, this desire
Might have excuse to worke upon his wife:
As in revenge or quittall of such strife.
But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in loving, 240
Ile beg her love: but she is not her owne:
The worst is but deniall and reprooving.
My will is strong past reasons weake remooving:
Who feares ■ sentence or an old mans saw,
Shall by ■ painted cloth be kept in awe.

LUCRECE

Thus gracelesse holds he disputation,
Tweene frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sence for vantage still.
Which in a moment doth confound and kill 250
All pure effects, and doth so farre proceede,
That what is vile, shewes like a vertuous deede.

Quoth he, shee tooke me kindlie by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard newes from the warlike band,
Where her beloved COLATINUS lies.
O how her feare did make her colour rise!
First red as Roses that on Lawne we laie,
Then white as Lawne the Roses tooke awaie.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt, 260
Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare:
Which strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,
Untill her husbands welfare shee did heare.
Whereat shee smiled with so sweete a cheare,
That had NARCISSUS seene her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses.
All Orators are dumbe when Beautie pleadeth,
Poore wretches have remorse in poore abuses,
Love thrives not in the hart that shadows dreadeth,
Affection is my Captaine and he leadeth. 271
And when his gaudie banner is displaide,
The coward fights, and will not be dismaide.

LUCRECE

Then childish feare avaunt, debating die,
 Respect and reason waite on wrinckled age:
 My heart shall never countermand mine eie;
 Sad pause, and deepe regard beseemes the sage,
 My part is youth and beates these from the stage.
 Desire my Pilot is, Beautie my prise, 279
 Then who feares sinking where such treasure lies?

As corne ore-growne by weedes: so heedfull feare
 Is almost choakt by unresisted lust:
 Away he steales with open listning eare,
 Full of foule hope, and full of fond mistrust:
 Both which as servitors to the unjust,
 So crosse him with their opposit perswasion,
 That now he vowes a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the selfe same seat sits COLATINE,
 That eye which lookes on her confounds his wits, 290
 That eye which him beholdes, as more devine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline;
 But with a pure appeale seekes to the heart,
 Which once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
 Who flattred by their leaders jocound show,
 Stuffe up his lust: as minutes fill up howres.
 And as their Captaine: so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute then they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300
 The Romane Lord marcheth to LUCRECE bed.

277. *beseemes*: *beseem*—MALONE.

LUCRECE

The lockes betweene her chamber and his will,
Ech one by him inforst retires his ward:
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping theefe to some regard,
The threshold grates the doore to have him heard,
Night wandring weezels shreek to see him there
They fright him, yet he still pursues his feare.

As each unwilling portall yeelds him way,
Through little vents and cranies of the place, 310
The wind warres with his torch, to make him staie,
And blowes the smoake of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case.

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he spies
LUCRECIA'S glove, wherein her needle sticks,
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks.
As who should say, this glove to wanton trickes 320
Is not inur'd; returne againe in hast,
Thou seest our mistresse ornaments are chaste.

But all these poore forbiddings could not stay him,
He in the worst sence consters their deniall:
The dores, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
He takes for accidentall things of triall.
Or as those bars which stop the hourelly diall, 1 stop
Who with a lingring staie his course doth let,¹
Till everie minute payes the howre his debt.

LUCRECE

So so, quoth he, these lets¹ attend the time, 330
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
 To ad a more rejoycing to the prime, ¹*bindrances*
 And give the sneaped² birds more cause to sing.
 Pain payes the income of ech precious thing,
 Huge rocks high winds, strong pirats, shelves and
 sands | ²*frost-nipped*
 The marchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber dore,
 That shuts him from the Heaven of his thought,
 Which with a yeelding latch, and with no more,
 Hath bard him from the blessed thing he sought. 340
 So from himselfe impiety hath wrought,
 That for his pray to pray he doth begin,
 As if the Heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitfull prayer,
 Having solicited th'eternall power,
 That his foule thoughts might compasse his fair faire,
 And they would stand auspicious to the howre.
 Even there he starts, quoth he, I must deflowre;
 The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act? 350

Then Love and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,
 My will is backt with resolution:
 Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,
 The blackest sinne is clear'd with absolution.
 Against loves fire, feares frost hath dissolution.
 The eye of Heaven is out, and mistie night
 Covers the shame that followes sweet delight.

LUCRECE

This said, his guiltie hand pluckt up the latch,
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The dove sleeps fast that this night-Owle will catch.
Thus treason workes ere traitors be espied. 361
Who sees the lurking serpent steppes aside;
But shee sound sleeping fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercie of his mortall sting.

Into the chamber wickedlie he stalkes,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed:
The curtaines being close, about he walkes,
Rowling his greedie eye-bals in his head.
By their high treason is his heart mis led,
Which gives the watch-word to his hand fulsoon,
To draw the clowd that hides the silver Moon. 371

Looke as the faire and fierie pointed Sunne,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight:
Even so the Curtaine drawne, his eyes begun
To winke, being blinded with a greater light.
Whether it is that shee reflects so bright,
That dazleth them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclosed.

O had they in that darkesome prison died,
Then had they seene the period of their ill: 380
Then COLATINE againe by LUCRECE side,
In his cleare bed might have reposed still.
But they must ope this blessed league to kill,
And holie-thoughted LUCRECE to their sight,
Must sell her joy, her life, her worlds delight.

LUCRECE

Her lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies under,
 Coosning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:
 Who therefore angrie seemes to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his blisse.
 Betweene whose hils her head intombed is; 390
 Where like a vertuous Monument shee lies,
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,
 On the greene coverlet whose perfect white
 Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,
 With pearlie swet resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,
 And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like golden threeds playd with her breath,
 O modest wantons, wanton modestie! 401
 Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
 And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.
 Ech in her sleepe themselves so beautifie,
 As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like Ivory globes circled with blew,
 A paire of maiden worlds unconquered,
 Save of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
 And him by oath they truely honored. 410
 These worlds in TARQUIN new ambition bred,
 Who like a fowle usurper went about,
 From this faire throne to heave the owner out.

394. semicolon after coverlet (comma-QUARLES)—MALONE.

LUCRECE

What could he see but mightily he noted?
 What did he note, but strongly he desired?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilfull eye he tyred.
 With more then admiration he admired
 Her azure vaines, her alabaster skinne,
 Her corall lips, her snow-white dimpled chin. 420

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,
 Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfied:
 So ore this sleeping soule doth TARQUIN stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
 Slakt, not supprest, for standing by her side,
 His eye which late this mutiny restraines,
 Unto ■ greater uprore tempts his vaines.

And they like stragling slaves for pillage fighting,
 Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting; 430
 Nor childrens tears nor mothers grones respecting,
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
 Anon his beating heart allarum striking,
 Gives the hot charge, & bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheares up his burning eye,
 His eye commends the leading to his hand;
 His hand as proud of such a dignitie,
 Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to make his stand
 On her bare brest, the heart of all her land;
 Whose ranks of blew vains as his hand did scale.
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale. 441

419. *alabaster*: alabaster—6Q.

440. comma after *scale*—QUARLES.

LUCRECE

They mustring to the quiet Cabinet,
Where their deare governesse and ladie lies,
Do tell her shee is dreadfullie beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries.
Shee much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt up eyes,
Who peeping foorth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controlld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull sleepe by dreadfull fancie waking, 450
That thinkes shee hath beheld some gastlie sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets evrie joint a shaking,
What terror tis: but shee in worser taking,
From sleepe disturbed, heedfullie doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror trew.

Wrapt and confounded in ■ thousand feares,
Like to a new kild bird shee trembling lies:
Shee dares not looke, yet winking there appeares
Quicke-shifting Antiques uglie in her eyes.
“Such shadowes are the weake-brains forgeries, 460
Who angrie that the eyes flie from their lights,
In darknes daunts them with more dreadfull sights.

His hand that yet remaines uppon her brest,
(Rude Ram to batter such an Ivorie wall:)
May feele her heart (poore Cittizen) distrest,
Wounding it selfe to death, rise up and fall;
Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withall.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pittie,
To make the breach and enter this sweet City.

LUCRECE

First like ■ Trompet doth his tongue begin, 470
To sound a parlie to his heartlesse foe,
Who ore the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash allarme to know,
Which he by dum demeanor seekes to show.
But shee with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies, the colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the Lilly pale,
And the red rose blush at her owne disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale. 480
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou meane to chide,
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that markes thee for my earths delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might.
But as reproofe and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beautie was it newlie bred. 490

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,
I know what thornes the growing rose defends,
I thinke the honie garded with a sting,
All this before-hand counsell comprehends.
But Will is deafe, and hears no heedfull friends,
Onely he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie,
And dotes on what he looks, gainst law or duety.

LUCRECE

I have debated even in my soule,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shal breed,
But nothing can affections course controull, 500
Or stop the headlong furie of his speed.
I know repentant teares insewe the deed,
Reproch, disdaine, and deadly enmity,
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, hee shakes aloft his Romaine blade,
Which like a Faulcon towring in the skies,
Cowcheth the fowle below with his wings shade,
Whose crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.
So under his insulting Fauchion lies
Harmelesse LUCRETIA marking what he tels, 510
With trembling feare: as fowl hear Faulcons bels.

LUCRECE, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee,
If thou deny, then force must worke my way:
For in thy bed I purpose to destroie thee.
That done, some worthlesse slave of thine ile slay.
To kill thine Honour with thy lives decaie.
And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him,
Swearing I slue him seeing thee imbrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remaine
The scornefull marke of everie open eye, 520
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdaine,
Thy issue blur'd with namelesse bastardie;
And thou the author of their obloquie,
Shalt have thy trespassse cited up in rimes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

LUCRECE

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret friend,
 The fault unknowne, is as a thought unacted,
 "A little harme done to ■ great good end,
 For lawfull pollicie remaines enacted.
 The poysonous simple sometime is compacted 530
 In a pure compound; being so applied,
 His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens sake,
 Tender my suite, bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no devise can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot:
 Worse then ■ slavish wipe,¹ or birth howrs blot,
 For markes discried in mens nativitie, ^{1 brand}
 Are natures faultes, not their owne infamie.

Here with ■ Cockatrice dead killing eye, 540
 He rowseth up himselfe, and makes a pause,
 While shee the picture of pure pietie,
 Like ■ white Hinde under the grypes² sharpe clawes,
 Pleades in a wilderness where are no lawes, ^{2griffin's}
 To the rough beast, that knowes no gentle right,
 Nor ought obayes but his fowle appetite.

But when a black-fac'd clowd the world doth thret,
 In his dim mist th'aspiring mountaines hiding:
 From earths dark-womb, some gentle gust doth get,
 Which blow these pitchie vapours from their bidding:
 Hindring their present fall by this deviding. 551
 So his unhallowed hast her words delays,
 And moodie PLUTO winks while Orpheus playes.

530. *sometime*: sometimes—6-8Q.

540. *dead killing*: dead-killing—3-4Q.

550. *blow*: blows—MALONE.

LUCRECE

Yet fowle night-waking Cat he doth but dallie,
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse pateth,
 Her sad behaviour feedes his vulture follie,
 A swallowing gulfe that even in plentie wanteth.
 His eare her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her playning,
 Tears harden lust though marble were with ray-
 ning. | 56c

Her pittie-pleading eyes are sadlie fixed
 In the remorselesse wrinckles of his face.
 Her modest eloquence with sighes is mixed,
 Which to her Oratorie addes more grace.
 Shee puts the period often from his place,
 And midst the sentence so her accent breakes,
 That twise she doth begin ere once she speakes.

She conjures him by high Almighty love,
 By knighthood, gentrie, and sweete friendships oth,
 By her untimely teares, her husbands love, 570
 By holie humane law, and common troth,
 By Heaven and Earth, and all the power of both:
 That to his borrowed bed he make retire,
 And stoope to Honor, not to fowle desire.

Quoth shee, reward not Hospitalitie,
 With such black payment, as thou hast pretended,
 Mudde not the fountaine that gave drinke to thee,
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.
 End thy ill ayme, before thy shoote be ended.
 He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow, 580
 To strike a poore unseasonable Doe.

555. *pateth*: *panteth*-2-8Q.

550. *were*: *wear* (*weare*)-4Q.

LUCRECE

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,
Thy selfe art mightie, for thine own sake leave me:
My selfe a weakling, do not then insnare me.
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me.
My sighes like whirlewindes labor hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with womans mones,
Be moved with my teares, my sighes, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,
Beat at thy rockie, and wracke-threatning heart, 590
To soften it with their continuall motion:
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O if no harder then a stone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,
Soft pittie enters at an iron gate.

In TARQUINS likenesse I did entertaine thee,
Hast thou put on his shape, to do him shame?
To all the Host of Heaven I complaine me.
Thou wrongst his honor, woundst his princely name:
Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the same, 600
Thou seem'st not what thou art, ■ God, a King;
For kings like Gods should governe every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou darst do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a King?
O be remembred, no outrageous thing
From vassall actors can be wipt away,
Then Kings misdeedes cannot be hid in clay.

LUCRECE

This deede will make thee only lov'd for feare, 610
But happie Monarchs still are feard for love:
With fowle offenders thou perforce must beare,
When they in thee the like offences prove;
If but for feare of this, thy will remove.

For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
Where subjects eies do learn, do read, do looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discerne
Authoritie for sinne, warrant for blame? 620
To priviledge dishonor in thy name.

Thou backst reproch against long-living lawd,
And mak'st faire reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou commaund? by him that gave it thee
From a pure heart commaund thy rebell will:
Draw not thy sword to gard iniquitie,
For it was lent thee all that broode to kill.
Thy Princelie office how canst thou fulfill?
When patternd by thy fault fowle sin may say,
He learnd to sin, and thou didst teach the way.

Thinke but how vile a spectacle it were, 631
To view thy present trespasse in another:
Mens faults do seldome to themselves appeare,
Their own transgressions partiallie they smother,
This guilt would seem death-worthie in thy brother.
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes?

LUCRECE

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up hands appeale,
Not to seducing lust thy rash relier:
I sue for exil'd majesties repeale, 640
Let him returne, and flattr'ing thoughts retire.
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eien,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pittie mine.

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrolled tide
Turnes not, but swels the higher by this let.
Small lightes are soone blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the winde in greater furie fret:
The petty streames that paie a dailie det
To their salt soveraigne with their fresh fals hast, 650
Adde to his flowe, but alter not his tast.

Thou art, quoth shee, ■ sea, a soveraigne King,
And loe there fals into thy boundlesse flood,
Blacke lust, dishonor, shame, mis-governing,
Who seeke to staine the Ocean of thy blood.
If all these pettie ils shall change thy good,
Thy sea within ■ puddels wombe is hersed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be King, and thou their slave,
Thou noblie base, they baselie dignified: 660
Thou their faire life, and they thy fowler grave:
Thou lothed in their shame, they in thy pride,
The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
The Cedar stoopes not to the base shrubs foote,
But low-shrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

LUCRECE

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state,
No more quoth he, by Heaven I will not heare thee.
Yeeld to my love, if not inforced hate,
In steed of loves coy tutch shall rudelie teare thee.
That done, despitefullie I meane to beare thee 670
 Unto the base bed of some rascall groome,
 To be thy partner in this shamefull doome.

This said, he sets his foote uppon the light,
For light and lust are deadlie enemies,
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseene, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolfe hath ceazd his pray, the poor lamb cries,
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controld,
 Intombes her outcrie in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightlie linnen that shee weares, 680
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest teares,
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O that prone lust should staine so pure a bed,
 The spots whereof could weeping purifie,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetuallie.

But shee hath lost a dearer thing then life,
And he hath wonne what he would loose againe
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentarie joy breeds months of paine, 690
This hot desire converts to colde disdaine;
 Pure chastitie is rifled of her store,
 And lust the theefe farre poorer then before.

666. dash after state—MALONE.

LUCRECE

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,
 Unapt for tender smell, or speedie flight,
 Make slow pursuite, or altogether bauk,
 The praie wherein by nature they delight:
 So surfet-taking TARQUIN fares this night:
 His tast delicious, in digestion sowing,
 Devoures his will that liv'd by fowle devouring. 700

O deeper sinne then bottomlesse conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken Desire must vomite his receipt
 Ere he can see his owne abhomination.
 While Lust is in his pride no exclamation
 Can curbe his heat, or reine his rash desire,
 Till like a Jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lanke, and leane discolour'd cheeke,
 With heavie eye, knit-brow, and strengthlesse pace,
 Feeble desire all recreant, poore and meeke, 710
 Like to a banckrout begger wailes his cace:
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace,
 For there it revels, and when that decaies,
 The guiltie rebell for remission praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased,
 For now against himselfe he sounds this doome,
 That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
 Besides his soules faire temple is defaced,
 To whose weake ruines muster troopes of cares, 720
 To aske the spotted Princesse how she fares.

711. *banckrout*: bankrupt—GILDON.

LUCRECE

Shee sayes her subjects with fowle insurrection,
 Have battered downe her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortall fault brought in subjection
 Her immortalitie, and made her thrall,
 To living death and payne perpetuall.

Which in her prescience shee controlled still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Ev'n in this thought through the dark-night he stealeth,
 A captive victor that hath lost in gaine, 730
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
 The scarre that will dispight of Cure remaine,
 Leaving his spoile perplexed in greater paine.

Shee beares the lode of lust he left behinde,
 And he the burthen of a guiltie minde.

Hee like a theevish dog creeps sadly thence,
 Shee like a wearied Lambe lies panting thre,
 He scowles and hates himselfe for his offence,
 Shee desperat with her nailes her flesh doth teare.
 He faintly flies sweating with guiltie feare; 740

Shee staies exclayming on the direfull night,
 He runnes and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
 Shee there remaines a hopelesse cast-away,
 He in his speed lookes for the morning light:
 Shee prayes shee never may behold the day.
 For daie, quoth shee, nights scapes doth open lay,
 And my true eyes have never practiz'd how
 To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

727. *Which*: misprint for *Which*, 1Q.

LUCRECE

They thinke not but that everie eye can see, 750
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold:
 And therefore would they still in darkenesse be,
 To have their unseene sinne remaine untold.
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave like water that doth eate in steele,
 Uppon my cheeks, what helpelesse shame I feele.

Here shee exclaines against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blinde,
 Shee wakes her heart by beating on her brest,
 And bids it leape from thence, where it maie finde 760
 Some purer chest, to close so pure a minde.
 Franticke with grieve thus breaths shee forth her spite,
 Against the unseene secrecie of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,
 Dim register, and notarie of shame,
 Blacke stage for tragedies, and murthers fell,
 Vast sin-concealing Chaos, nourse of blame.
 Blinde muffled bawd, darke harbor for defame,
 Grim cave of death, whispring conspirator,
 With close-tong'd treason & the ravisher. 770

O hatefull, vaporous, and foggy night,
 Since thou art guilty of my curelesse crime:
 Muster thy mists to meete the Easterne light,
 Make war against proportion'd course of time.
 Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
 Knit poysonous clouds about his golden head.

LUCRECE

With rotten damps ravish the morning aire,
 Let their exhald unholdsome breaths make sicke
 The life of puritie, the supreme faire, 780
 Ere he arrive his wearie noone-tide pricke,
 And let thy mustie vapours march so thicke,
 That in their smoakie rankes, his smothred light
 May set at noone, and make perpetuall night.

Were TARQUIN night, as he is but nights child,
 The silver shining Queene he would distaine;
 Her twinckling handmaids to (by him defil'd)
 Through nights black bosom shuld not peep again.
 So should I have copartners in my paine,
 And fellowship in woe doth woe asswage, 790
 As Palmers chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
 To crosse their armes & hang their heads with mine,
 To maske their browes and hide their infamie,
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
 Seasoning the earth with showres of silver brine;
 Mingling my talk with tears, my greef with grones,
 Poore wasting monuments of lasting mones.

O night thou furnace of fowle reeking smoke!
 Let not the jealous daie behold that face, 800
 Which underneath thy blacke all-hiding cloke
 Immodestly lies martird with disgrace.
 Keepe still possession of thy gloomy place,
 That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
 May likewise be sepulcherd in thy shade.

782. *mustie*: *misty*-7-8Q.

787. *to*: *too*-7-8Q.

LUCRECE

Make me not object to the tell-tale day,
 The light will shew characterd in my brow,
 The storie of sweete chastities decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlocke vowe.
 Yea the illiterate that know not how 810
 To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,
 Will cote my lothsome trespasse in my lookes.

The nourse to still her child will tell my storie,
 And fright her crying babe with TARQUINS name.
 The Orator to decke his oratorie,
 Will couple my reproch to TARQUINS shame.
 Feast-finding minstrels tuning my defame,
 Will tie the hearers to attend ech line,
 How TARQUIN wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that sencelesse reputation, 820
 For COLATINES deare love be kept unspotted:
 If that be made a theame for disputation,
 The branches of another roote are rotted;
 And undeserv'd reproch to him allotted,
 That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,
 As I ere this was pure to COLATINE.

O unseene shame, invisible disgrace,
 O unfelt sore, crest-wounding privat scarre!
 Reproch is stampt in COLATINUS face,
 And TARQUINS eye maie read the mot a farre, 830
 "How he in peace is wounded not in warre.
 "Alas how manie beare such shamefull blowes,
 Which not themselves but he that gives them knowes.

LUCRECE

If COLATINE, thine honor laie in me,
 From me by strong assault it is bereft:
 My Honnie lost, and I a Drone-like Bee,
 Have no perfection of my sommer left,
 But rob'd and ransak't by injurious theft.

In thy weake Hive a wandering waspe hath crept,
 And suck't the Honnie which thy chast Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy Honors wracke,
 Yet for thy Honor did I entertaine him,
 Comming from thee I could not put him backe:
 For it had beene dishonor to disdain him,
 Besides of wearinesse he did complaine him,
 And talk't of Vertue (O unlook't for evill,)
 When Vertue is prophan'd in such ■ Devill.

841

Why should the worme intrude the maiden bud?
 Or hatefull Kuckcows hatch in Sparrows nests?
 Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud?
 Or tyrant follie lurke in gentle brests?
 Or Kings be breakers of their owne behestes?
 “ But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impuritie doth not pollute.

850

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painefull fits,
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
 But like still pining TANTALUS he sits,
 And uselesse barnes the harvest of his wits:
 Having no other pleasure of his gaine,
 But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

860

LUCRECE

So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
 And leaves it to be maistred by his yong:
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it,
 Their father was too weake, and they too strong
 To hold their cursed-blessed Fortune long.

“ The sweets we wish for, turne to lothed sowrs,
 “ Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,
 Unholosome weeds take roote with precious flowrs, 870
 The Adder hisses where the sweete birds sing,
 What Vertue breedes Iniquity devours:
 We have no good that we can say is ours,
 But ill annexed opportunity
 Or kils his life, or else his quality.

O opportunity thy guilt is great,
 Tis thou that execut'st the traytors treason:
 Thou sets the wolfe where he the lambe may get,
 Who ever plots the sinne thou pointst the season.
 Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason, 880
 And in thy shadie Cell where none may spie him,
 Sits sin to ceaze the soules that wander by him.

Thou makest the vestall violate her oath,
 Thou blowest the fire when temperance is thawd,
 Thou smotherst honestie, thou murthrest troth,
 Thou fowle abbettor, thou notorious bawd,
 Thou plantest scandall, and displacest lawd.
 Thou ravisher, thou traytor, thou false theefe
 Thy honie turnes to gall, thy joy to greefe.

877. *execut'st*: *executest*—CAMBRIDGE.

879. *pointst*: *'point'st*—MALONE.

Thy secret pleasure turnes to open shame, 890
 Thy private feasting to a publicke fast,
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
 Thy sugred tongue to bitter wormwood tast,
 Thy violent vanities can never last.
 How comes it then, vile opportunity
 Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliants friend
 And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
 When wilt thou sort an howre great strifes to end?
 Or free that soule which wretchednes hath chained?
 Give phisicke to the sicke, ease to the pained? 901
 The poore, lame, blind, hault, creepe, cry out for
 thee, |
 But they nere meet with oportunitie.

The patient dies while the Phisitian sleepes,
 The Orphane pines while the oppressor feedes.
 Justice is feasting while the widow weepes.
 Advise is sporting while infection breeds.
 Thou graunt'st no time for charitable deeds.
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murthers rages,
 Thy heinous houres wait on them as their Pages.

When Trueth and Vertue have to do with thee, 911
 A thousand crosses keepe them from thy aide:
 They buie thy helpe, but sinne nere gives a fee,
 He gratis comes, and thou art well apaide,
 As well to heare, as graunt what he hath saide.
 My COLATINE would else have come to me,
 When TARQUIN did, but he was staied by thee.

LUCRECE

Guilty thou art of murther, and of theft,
Guilty of perjurie, and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgerie, and shift, 920
Guilty of incest that abhomination,
An accessarie by thine inclination.

To sinnes past and all that are to come,
From the creation to the generall doome.

Misshapen time, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grieslie care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight:
Base watch of woes, sins packhorse, vertues snare.
Thou noursest all, and murthrest all that are.

O heare me then, injurious shifting time, 930
Be guiltie of my death since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant opportunity
Betraide the howres thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancelld my fortunes, and inchained me
To endlesse date of never-ending woes?
Times office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eate up errours by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowrie of a lawfull bed.

Times glorie is to calme contending Kings,
To unmaske falshood, and bring truth to light, 940
To stampe the seale of time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres,
And smeare with dust their glitring golden towrs.

LUCRECE

To fill with worme-holes stately monuments,
To feede oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
To plucke the quils from auncient ravens wings,
To drie the old oakes sappe, and cherish springs:
 To spoile Antiquities of hammerd steele, 951
And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a childe,
To slay the tygre that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the Unicorne, and Lion wild,
To mocke the subtle in themselves beguild,
 To cheare the Plowman with increasefull crops,
And wast huge stones with little water drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy Pilgrimage, 960
Unlesse thou could'st returne to make amends?
One poore retyring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad detters lends,
 O this dread night, would'st thou one howr come
 backe, |
I could prevent this storme, and shun thy wracke.

Thou ceaselesse lackie to Eternitie,
With some mischance crosse TARQUIN in his flight.
Devise extreames beyond extremitie,
To make him curse this cursed crimefull night: 970
Let gastly shadowes his lewd eyes affright,
 And the dire thought of his committed evill,
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devill.

LUCRECE

Disturbe his howres of rest with restlesse trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedred grones,
Let there bechaunce him pitifull mischances,
To make him mone, but pitie not his mones:
Stone him with hardned hearts harder then stones,
And let milde women to him loose their mildnesse,
Wilder to him then Tygers in their wildnesse. 980

Let him have time to teare his curled haire,
Let him have time against himselfe to rave,
Let him have time of times helpe to dispaire,
Let him have time to live ■ lothed slave,
Let him have time a beggers orts to crave,
And time to see one that by almes doth live,
Disdaine to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merrie fooles to mocke at him resort:
Let him have time to marke how slow time goes 990
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of follie, and his time of sport.
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to waile th' abusing of his time.

O time thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill:
At his owne shadow let the theefe runne mad,
Himselfe, himselfe seeke everie howre to kill,
Such wretched hands such wretched blood shuld spill.
For who so base would such an office have, 1000
As sclandrous deaths-man to so base a slave.

LUCRECE

The baser is he comming from a King,
To shame his hope with deedes degenerate,
The mightier man the mightier is the thing
That makes him honord, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandall waits on greatest state.

The Moone being clouded, presently is mist,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The Crow may bath his coaleblacke wings in mire,
And unperceav'd flie with the filth away, 1010
But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,
The staine upon his silver Downe will stay.
Poore grooms are sightles night, kings glorious day,
Gnats are unnoted wheresoere they flie,
But Eagles gaz'd upon with everie eye.

Out idle wordes, servants to shallow fooles,
Unprofitable sounds, weake arbitrators,
Busie your selves in skill contending schooles,
Debate where leysure serves with dull debators:
To trembling Clients be you mediators, 1020
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the helpe of law.

In vaine I raile at oportunitie,
At time, at TARQUIN, and unchearefull night,
In vaine I cavill with mine infamie,
In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd despight,
This helpelesse smoake of words doth me no right:
The remedie indeede to do me good,
Is to let forth my fowle defiled blood.

LUCRECE

Poore hand why quiverst thou at this decree? 1030
 Honor thy selfe to rid me of this shame,
 For if I die, my Honor lives in thee,
 But if I live thou liv'st in my defame;
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall Dame,
 And wast affeard to scratch her wicked Fo,
 Kill both thy selfe, and her for yeelding so.

This said, from her betombled couch shee starteth,
 To finde some desp'rat Instrument of death,
 But this no slaughter house no toole imparteth,
 To make more vent for passage of her breath, 1040
 Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth,
 As smoake from *ÆTNA*, that in aire consumes,
 Or that which from discharged Cannon fumes.

In vaine (quoth shee) I live, and seeke in vaine
 Some happie meane to end a haplesse life.
 I fear'd by *TARQUINS* Fauchion to be slaine,
 Yet for the self same purpose seeke a knife;
 But when I fear'd I was a loyall wife,
 So am I now, ô no that cannot be,
 Of that true tipe hath *TARQUIN* rifled me. 1050

O that is gone for which I sought to live,
 And therefore now I need not feare to die,
 To cleare this spot by death (at least) I give
 A badge of Fame to sclanders liverie,
 A dying life, to living infamie:
 Poore helplesse helpe, the treasure stolne away,
 To burne the guiltlesse casket where it lay.

1037. *betombled*: *betumbled*—3-8Q.

LUCRECE

Well well deare COLATINE, thou shalt not know
The stained tast of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This bastard graffe shall never come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy stocke pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruite.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,
But thou shalt know thy intrest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolne from foorth thy gate.
For me I am the mistresse of my fate,
And with my trespasse never will dispence, 1070
Till life to death acquit my forst offence.

I will not poyson thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses,
My sable ground of sinne I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false nights abuses.
My tongue shall utter all, mine eyes like sluces,
As from a mountaine spring that feeds a dale,
Shal gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomele had ended
The well tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow, 1080
And solemne night with slow sad gate descended
To ouglie Hell, when loe the blushing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.
But cloudie LUCRECE shames her selfe to see,
And therefore still in night would cloistred be.

LUCRECE

Revealing day through every crannie spies,
And seems ■ point her out where she sits weeping,
To whom shee sobbing speakes, o eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy pee-
ping, | 1089
Mock with thy tickling beams, eies that are sleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy percing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils shee with everie thing she sees,
True grieve is fond and testie as a childe,
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees,
Old woes, not infant sorrowes beare them milde,
Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,
Like an unpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So shee deepe drenched in a Sea of care, 1100
Holds disputation with ech thing shee vewes,
And to her selfe all sorrow doth compare,
No object but her passions strength renewes:
And as one shiftes another straight insewes,
Sometime her grieve is dumbe and hath no words,
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

The little birds that tune their mornings joy,
Make her mones mad, with their sweet melodie,
“For mirth doth search the bottome of annoy,
“Sad soules are slaine in merrie companie, 1110
“Grieve best is pleas'd with griefes societie;
“True sorrow then is feelinglie suffiz'd
“When with like semblance it is simpatiz'd.

LUCRECE

"Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore,
 "He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
 "To see the salve doth make the wound ake more:
 "Great grieve grieves most at that wold do it good;
 "Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who being stopt, the bounding banks oreflowes,
 Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes. 1120

You mocking Birds (quoth she) your tunes intombe
 Within your hollow swelling feathered brests,
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,
 My restlesse discord loves no stops nor rests:
 "A woefull Hostesse brookes not merrie guests.
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing eares,
 "Distres likes dumps when time is kept with teares.

Come Philomele that sing'st of ravishment,
 Make thy sad grove in my disheveld heare,
 As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment; 1130
 So I at each sad straine, will straine ■ teare,
 And with deepe grones the Diapason beare:
 For burthen-wife ile hum on TARQUIN still,
 While thou on TEREUS descants better skill.

And whiles against a thorne thou bear'st thy part,
 To keepe thy sharpe woes waking, wretched I
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 Will fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eye,
 Who if it winke shall thereon fall and die.

These meanes as frets upon an instrument, 1140
 Shal tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

1126. *Relish*: Relish—5-8Q.

1129. *beare*: hair (haire)—7Q. (QUARLES, 1655).

1134. *descants*: descantst—1 SEWELL.

LUCRECE

And for poore bird thou sing'st not in the day,
 As shaming anie eye should thee behold:
 Some darke deepe desert seated from the way,
 That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold
 Will wee find out: and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds,
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poore frighted Deare that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to flie, 1150
 Or one incompast with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readilie:
 So with her selfe is shee in mutinie,
 To live or die which of the twaine were better,
 When life is sham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my selfe, quoth shee, alacke what were it,
 But with my body my poore soules pollusion?
 They that loose halfe with greater patience beare it,
 Then they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
 That mother tries a mercilesse conclusion, 1160
 Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My bodie or my soule which was the dearer?
 When the one pure, the other made devine,
 Whose love of eyther to my selfe was nearer?
 When both were kept for Heaven and COLATINE:
 Ay me, the Barke pild from the loftie Pine,
 His leaves will wither, and his sap decay,
 So must my soule her barke being pild away.

1155. *reproches*: reproach's—DYCE.

1167, 1169. *pild*: peel'd—LINTOTT.

LUCRECE

Her house is sackt, her quiet interrupted, 1170
 Her mansion batterd by the enemye,
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoild, corrupted,
 Groslye ingirt with daring infamie.
 Then let it not be cald impietie,
 If in this blemisht fort I make some hole,
 Through which I may convay this troubled soule.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE
 Have heard the cause of my untimelie death,
 That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath, 1180
 My stained bloud to TARQUIN ile bequeath,
 Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
 And as his due writ in my testament.

My Honor ile bequeath unto the knife
 That wounds my bodie so dishonored,
 Tis Honor to deprive dishonord life,
 The one will live, the other being dead.
 So of shames ashes shall my Fame be bred,
 For in my death I murther shamefull scorne,
 My shame so dead, mine honor is new borne. 1190

Deare Lord of that deare jewell I have lost,
 What legacie shall I bequeath to thee?
 My resolution love shall be thy bost,
 By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.
 How TARQUIN must be us'd, read it in me,
 My selfe thy friend will kill my selfe thy fo,
 And for my sake serve thou false TARQUIN so.

LUCRECE

This briefe abridgement of my will I make,
 My soule and bodie to the skies and ground:
 My resolution Husband doe thou take, 1200
 Mine Honor be the knifes that makes my wound,
 My shame be his that did my Fame confound;
 And all my Fame that lives disbursed be,
 To those that live and thinke no shame of me.

Thou COLATINE shalt oversee this will,
 How was I overseene that thou shalt see it?
 My bloud shall wash the sclander of mine ill,
 My lives foule deed my lifes faire end shall free it.
 Faint not faint heart, but stoutlie say so be it,
 Yeeld to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee,
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be. 1211

This plot of death when saddie shee had layd,
 And wip't the brinish pearle from her bright eies,
 With untun'd tongue shee hoarslie cals her mayd,
 Whose swift obedience to her mistresse hies.
 "For fleet-wing'd duetie with thoghts feathers flies,
 Poore LUCRECE cheeks unto her maid seem so,
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistresse shee doth give demure good morrow,
 With soft slow-tongue, true marke of modestie, 1220
 And sorts a sad looke to her Ladies sorrow,
 (For why her face wore sorrowes liverie.)
 But durst not aske of her audaciouslie,
 Why her two suns were clowd ecclipsed so,
 Nor why her faire cheeks over-washt with woe.

1201. *knifes*: *knife's*—2LINTOTT (GILDON).

1220. *soft slow-tongue*: *soft-slow tongue*—MALONE.

LUCRECE

But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being set,
Each flowre moistned like a melting eye:
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eien inforst, by simpathie
Of those faire Suns set in her mistresse skie, 1230
Who in ■ salt wav'd Ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A prettie while these prettie creatures stand,
Like Ivorie conduits corall cesterns filling:
One justlie weepes, the other takes in hand
No cause, but companie of her drops spilling.
Their gentle sex to weepe are often willing,
Greeving themselves to gesse at others smarts,
And then they drown their eies, or break their harts.

For men have marble, women waxen mindes, 1240
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
The weake opprest, th' impression of strange kindes
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe shall be accounted evill,
Wherein is stamp't the semblance of a Devill.

Their smoothnesse; like a goodly champaine plaine,
Laies open all the little wormes that creepe,
In men as in a rough-growne grove remaine.
Cave keeping evils that obscurely sleepe. 1250
Through christall wals ech little mote will peepe,
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.

LUCRECE

No man inveigh against the withered flowre,
 But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,
 Not that devour'd but that which doth devour
 Is worthie blame, ô let it not be hild
 Poore womens faults, that they are so fulfild
 With mens abuses, those proud Lords to blame,
 Make weak made women tenants to their shame.

The president whereof in LUCRECE view, 1261
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might insue.
 By that her death to do her husband wrong,
 Such danger to resistance did belong:
 That dying feare through all her bodie spread,
 And who cannot abuse a bodie dead?

By this milde patience bid faire LUCRECE speake,
 To the poore counterfaite of her complayning,
 My girle, quoth shee, on what occasion breake 1270
 Those tears from thee, that downe thy cheeks are raig-
 ning? |

If thou dost weepe for grieve of my sustaining:
 Know gentle wench it small availes my mood,
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me girle, when went (and there shee staide,
 Till after a deepe grone) TARQUIN from hence,
 Madame, ere I was up (repli'd the maide,)
 The more to blame my sluggard negligence.
 Yet with the fault I thus farre can dispence:
 My selfe was stirring ere the breake of day, 1280
 And ere I rose was TARQUIN gone away.

1261. *president: precedent*—GILDON.

LUCRECE

But Lady, if your maide may be so bold,
Shee would request to know your heavinesse:
(O peace quoth LUCRECE) if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it lesse:
For more it is, then I can well expresse,
And that deepe torture may be cal'd a Hell,
When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get mee hither paper, inke, and pen,
Yet save that labour, for I have them heare, 1290
(What should I say) one of my husbands men
Bid thou be readie, by and by, to beare
A letter to my Lord, my Love, my Deare,
Bid him with speede prepare to carrie it,
The cause craves hast, and it will soone be writ.

Her maide is gone, and shee prepares to write,
First hovering ore the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grieve an eager combat fight,
What wit sets downe is blotted straight with will.
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill, 1300
Much like a presse of people at a dore,
Throng her inventions which shall go before.

At last shee thus begins: thou worthie Lord,
Of that unworthie wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person, next, vouchsafe t'afford
(If ever love, thy LUCRECE thou wilt see,)
Some present speede, to come and visite me:
So I commend me, from our house in grieve,
My woes are tedious, though my words are brieve.

LUCRECE

Here folds shee up the tenure of her woe, 1310
 Her certaine sorrow writ uncertainely,
 By this short Cedule COLATINE may know
 Her grieve, but not her griefes true quality,
 Shee dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own grosse abuse,
 Ere she with bloud had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,
 Shee hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,
 When sighs, & grones, & tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her 1320
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
 To shun this blot, shee would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might becom them better.

To see sad sights, moves more then heare them told,
 For then the eye interpretes to the eare
 The heavie motion that it doth behold,
 When everie part a part of woe doth beare.
 Tis but a part of sorrow that we heare,
 Deep sounds make lesser noise then shallow foords,
 And sorrow ebs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ 1331
 At ARDEA to my Lord with more then hast,
 The Post attends, and shee delivers it,
 Charging the sower-fac'd groome, to high as fast
 As lagging fowles before the Northerne blast,
 Speede more then speed, but dul & slow she deems,
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

1310. *tenure*: *tenour*—MALONE.

1334. *bigb*: *hie*—7Q. (QUARLES, 1655).

LUCRECE

The homelie villaine cursies to her low,
 And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,
 Receaves the scroll without or yea or no, 1340
 And forth with bashfull innocence doth hie.
 But they whose guilt within their bosomes lie,
 Imagine everie eye beholds their blame,
 For LUCRECE thought, he blusht to see her shame.

When seelie Groome (God wot) it was defect
 Of spirite, life, and bold audacitie,
 Such harmlesse creatures have ■ true respect
 To talke in deeds, while others saucilie
 Promise more speed, but do it leysurelie.
 Even so the patterne of this worne-out age, 1350
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duetie kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed,
 Shee thought he blusht, as knowing TARQUINS lust,
 And blushing with him, wistlie on him gazed,
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed.
 The more shee saw the bloud his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her som blemish.

But long shee thinkes till he returne againe,
 And yet the dutious vassal scarce is gone, 1360
 The wearie time shee cannot entertaine,
 For now tis stale to sigh, to weepe, and grone,
 So woe hath wearied woe, mone tired mone,
 That shee her plaints ■ little while doth stay,
 Pawsing for means to mourne some newer way.

1338. *cursies*: court'sies—SEWELL.

1350. *the patterne of this*: this pattern of the—2-8Q.

LUCRECE

At last shee cald to mind where hangs ■ peece
 Of skilfull painting, made for PRIAMS Troy,
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
 For HELENS rape, the Cittie to destroy,
 Threatning cloud-kissing ILLION with annoy, 1370
 Which the conceived Painter drew so prowde,
 As Heaven (it seem'd) to kisse the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorne of Nature, Art gave livelesse life,
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping teare,
 Shed for the slaughtred husband by the wife.
 The red bloud reek'd to shew the Painters strife,
 And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashie lights,
 Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring Pyoner 1380
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,
 And from the towres of Troy, there would appeare
 The verie eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greekes with little lust,¹ ¹pleasure
 Such sweet observance in this worke was had,
 That one might see those farre of eyes looke sad.

In great commaunders, Grace, and Majestie,
 You might behold triumphing in their faces,
 In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie, ²nerveless
 And here and there the Painter interlaces 1390
 Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.
 Which hartlesse² peasaunts did so wel resemble,
 That one would swear he saw them quake & tremble.

1374. *livelesse*: lifeless—GILDON. 1380. *Pyoner*: pioner—7-8Q.

1386. *farre of*: far off—3-8Q.

LUCRECE

In AJAX and ULYSSES, ô what Art
 Of Phisiognomy might one behold!
 The face of eyther cypher'd cythers heart,
 Their face, their manners most expreslie told,
 In AJAX eyes blunt rage and rigour rold,
 But the mild glance that slië ULYSSES lent,
 Shewed deepe regard and smiling government. 1400

There pleading might you see grave NESTOR stand,
 As 'twere incouraging the Greekes to fight,
 Making such sober action with his hand,
 That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight,
 In speech it seemd his beard, all silver white,
 Wag'd up and downe, and from his lips did flie,
 Thin winding breath which purl'd up to the skie.

About him were a presse of gaping faces,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice,
 All joyntlie listning, but with severall graces, 1410
 As if some Marmaide did their eares intice,
 Some high, some low, the Painter was so nice.¹
 The scalpes of manie almost hid behind, ^{1careful}
 To jump up higher seem'd to mocke the mind.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head, ^{2swollen}
 His nose being shadowed by his neighbours eare,
 Here one being throng'd bears back all boln,² & red,
 Another smotherd, seemes to pelt³ and sweare,
 And in their rage such signes of rage they beare, 1419
 As but for losse of NESTORS golden words, ^{3exclaim}
 It seem'd they would debate with angrie swords.

LUCRECE

For much imaginarie worke was there,
 Concept deceitfull, so compact so kinde,
 That for ACHILLES image stood his speare
 Grip't in an Armed hand, himselfe behind
 Was left unseene, save to the eye of mind,
 A hand, a foote, a face, ■ leg, ■ head
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of strong besieged TROY, 1429
 When their brave hope, bold HECTOR march'd to field,
 Stood manie Trojan mothers sharing joy,
 To see their youthfull sons bright weapons wield,
 And to their hope such odde action yeeld,
 That through their light joy seemed to appeare,
 (Like bright things staind) a kind of heavie feare.

And from the strond of DARDAN where they fought,
 To SIMOIS reedie bankes the red bloud ran,
 Whose waves to imitate the battaile sought
 With swelling ridges, and their rankes began
 To breake uppon the galled shore, and than 1440
 Retire againe, till meeting greater ranckes
 They joine, & shoot their fome at SIMOIS bancks.

To this well painted peece is LUCRECE come,
 To find ■ face where all distresse is steld,¹ ¹placed
 Manie shee sees, where cares have carved some,
 But none where all distresse and dolor dweld,
 Till shee dispayring HECUBA beheld,
 Staring on PRIAMS wounds with her old eyes,
 Which bleeding under PIRRHUS proud foot lies.

LUCRECE

In her the Painter had anathomiz'd 1450
 Times ruine, beauties wracke, and grim cares raign,
 Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disguiz'd,
 Of what shee was, no semblance did remaine:
 Her blew bloud chang'd to blacke in everie vaine,
 Wanting the spring, that those shrunke pipes had
 fed, |
 Shew'd life imprison'd in ■ bodie dead.

On this sad shadow LUCRECE spends her eyes,
 And shapes her sorrow to the Beldames woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
 And bitter words to ban her cruell Foes. 1460
 The Painter was no God to lend her those,
 And therefore LUCRECE swears he did her wrong,
 To give her so much griefe, and not a tong.

Poore Instrument (quoth shee) without a sound,
 Ile tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
 And drop sweet Balme in PRIAMS painted wound,
 And raile on PIRRHUS that hath done him wrong;
 And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
 And with my knife scratch out the angrie eyes,
 Of all the Greekes that are thine enemies. 1470

Shew me the strumpet that began this stur,
 That with my nailes her beautie I may teare:
 Thy heat of lust fond PARIS did incur
 This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare;
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
 And here in Troy for trespasse of thine eye,
 The Sire, the sonne, the Dame and daughter die.

LUCRECE

Why should the private pleasure of some one
 Become the publicke plague of manie moe?
 Let sinne alone committed, light alone 1480
 Uppon his head that hath transgressed so.
 Let guiltlesse soules be freed from guilty woe,
 For ones offence why should so many fall?
 To plague a private sinne in generall.

Lo here weeps HECUBA, here PRIAM dies,
 Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROYLUS sounds,
 Here friend by friend in bloudie channel lies:
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
 And one mans lust these manie lives confounds.
 Had doting PRIAM cheekt his sons desire, 1490
 TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps TROYES painted woes,
 For sorrow, like a heaueie hanging Bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own waight goes,
 Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell,
 So LUCRECE set a worke, sad tales doth tell
 'To penceld pensivenes, & colour'd sorrow,
 She lends them words, & she their looks doth bor-
 row, |

Shee throwes her eyes about the painting round,
 And who shee finds forlorne, shee doth lament: 1500
 At last shee sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous lookes, to Phrygian sheapheards lent,
 His face though full of cares, yet shewd content,
 Onward to TROY with the blunt swains he goes,
 So mild that patience seem'd to scorne his woes.

1486. *sounds: wound*—MALONE. 1500. *whot whom*—GILDON.

LUCRECE

In him the Painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide deceit, and give the harmlesse show
 An humble gate, calme looks, eyes wayling still,
 A brow unbent that seem'd to welcome wo,
 Cheeks neither red, nor pale, but mingled so, 1510
 That blushing red, no guiltie instance gave,
 Nor ashie pale, the feare that false hearts have.

But like ■ constant and confirmed Devill,
 He entertain'd a show, so seeming just,
 And therein so ensconc't his secret evill,
 That Jealousie it selfe could not mistrust,
 False creeping Craft, and Perjurie should thrust
 Into so bright a daie, such blackfac'd storms,
 Or blot with Hell-born sin such Saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this milde Image drew 1520
 For perjur'd SINON, whose inchaunting storie
 The credulous old PRIAM after slew.
 Whose words like wild fire burnt the shining glorie
 Of rich-built ILLION, that the skies were sorie
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 When their glas fel, wherin they view'd their faces.

This picture shee advisedly perus'd
 And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:
 Saying, some shape in SINONS was abus'd,
 So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind so ill, 1530
 And still on him shee gaz'd, and gazing still,
 Such signes of truth in his plaine face shee spied,
 That shee concludes, the Picture was belied.

LUCRECE

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
 (Shee would have said) can lurke in such a looke:
 But TARQUINS shape, came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, tooke
 It cannot be, she in that sence forsooke,
 And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
 But such a face should beare a wicked mind. 1540

For even as subtill SINON here is painted,
 So sober sad, so wearie, and so milde,
 (As if with grieve or travaile he had fainted)
 To me came TARQUIN armed to beguile
 With outward honesty, but yet defild
 With inward vice, as PRIAM him did cherish:
 So did I TARQUIN, so my Troy did perish.

Looke looke how listning PRIAM wets his eyes, -
 To see those borrowed teares that SINON sheeds,
 Priam why art thou old, and yet not wise? 1550
 For everie teare he fals ■ Trojan bleeds:
 His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds,
 Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pittie,
 Are bals of quenchlesse fire to burne thy Citty.

Such Devils steale effects from lightlesse Hell,
 For SINON in his fire doth quake with cold,
 And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,
 These contraries such unitie do hold,
 Only to flatter fooles, and make them bold,
 So PRIAMS trust false SINONS teares doth flatter, 1560
 That he finds means to burne his Troy with water.

1544. *armed to beguile*: armed; so beguiled—GILDON, MALONE.
 1549. *sheeds*: sheds—3, 5-8Q.

LUCRECE

Here all inrag'd such passion her assailes,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast,
Shee tears the sencelesse SINON with her nailes,
Comparing him to that unhappie guest,
Whose deede hath made herselfe, herselfe detest,
At last shee smilingly with this gives ore,
Foole fool, quoth she, his wounds wil not be sore.

Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her sorrow, 1569
And time doth wearie time with her complayning,
Shee looks for night, & then shee longs for morrow,
And both shee thinks too long with her remayning.
Short time seems long, in sorrowes sharp sustayning,
Though wo be heavie, yet it seldome sleepes,
And they that watch, see time, how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipt her thought,
That shee with painted Images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own grieffe brought,
By deepe surmise of others detriment,
Loosing her woes in shews of discontent: 1580
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To thinke their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindfull Messenger come backe,
Brings home his Lord and other companie,
Who finds his LUCRECE clad in mourning black,
And round about her teare-distained eye
Blew circles stream'd, like Rain bows in the skie,
These watergalls in her dim Element,
Foretell new stormes to those alreadie spent.

LUCRECE

Which when her sad beholding husband saw, 1590
 Amazedlie in her sad face he stares: ^{1 scethed}
 Her eyes though sod¹ in tears lookd red and raw,
 Her livelie colour kil'd with deadlie cares,
 He hath no power to aske her how shee fares,
 Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,
 And thus begins: what uncouth ill event
 Hath thee befallne, that thou doth trembling stand?
 Sweet love what spite hath thy faire colour spent? 1600
 Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
 Unmaske deare deare, this moodie heavinesse,
 And tell thy grieve, that we may give redresse.

Three times with sighes she gives her sorrow fire,
 Ere once shee can discharge one word of woe:
 At length addrest to answer his desire,
 Shee modestlie prepares, to let them know
 Her Honor is tane prisoner by the Foe,
 While COLATINE and his consorted Lords,
 With sad attention long to heare her words. 1610

And now this pale Swan in her watrie nest,
 Begins the sad Dirge of her certaine ending,
 Few words (quoth shee) shall fit the trespasse best,
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending.
 In me moe woes then words are now depending,
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,
 To tell them all with one poore tired tong.

LUCRECE

Then be this all the taske it hath to say,
 Deare husband in the interest of thy bed
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay, 1620
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy wearie head,
 And what wrong else may be imagined,
 By foule inforcement might be done to me,
 From that (alas) thy LUCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke midnight,
 With shining Fauchion in my chamber came
 A creeping creature with a flaming light,
 And softly cried, awake thou Romaine Dame,
 And entertaine my love, else lasting shame,
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict, 1630
 If thou my loves desire do contradict.

For some hard favour'd Groome of thine, quoth he,
 Unlesse thou yoke thy liking to my will
 Ile murther straight, and then ile slaughter thee,
 And sweare I found you where you did fulfill
 The lothsome act of Lust, and so did kill
 The lechors in their deed, this Act will be
 My Fame, and thy perpetuall infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
 And then against my heart he set his sword, 1640
 Swearing unlesse I tooke all patiently,
 I should not live to speake another word.
 So should my shame still rest upon record,
 And never be forgot in mightie Roome
 Th' adulterat death of LUCRECE, and her Groome.

1626. *Fauchion*: *falchion*—MALONE.

1640. *set*: *sets*—2-8Q.

1644. *Roome*: *Rome*—3-8Q.

LUCRECE

Mine enemy was strong, my poore selfe weake,
(And farre the weaker with so strong a feare)
My bloudie Judge forbod my tongue to speake,
No rightfull plea might plead for Justice there.
His scarlet Lust came evidence to sweare 1650
That my poore beautie had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the Judge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine owne excuse,
Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde,
Though my grosse blood be staine'd with this abuse,
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my mind,
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
To accessarie yeeldings, but still pure
Doth in her poyson'd closet yet endure.

Lo heare the hopelesse Marchant of this losse, 1660
With head declin'd and voice dam'd up with wo,
With sad set eyes and wretched armes acrossed,
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
The griefe away, that stops his answer so.
But wretched as he is he strives in vaine,
What he breaths out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,
Outruns the eye that doth behold his hast:
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,
Backe to the strait that forst him on so fast: 1670
In rage sent out, recald in rage being past,
Even so his sighes, his sorrows make a saw,
To push griefe on, and back the same grief draw.

LUCRECE

Which speechlesse woe of his poore she attendeth,
 And his untimelie frenzie thus awaketh,
 Deare Lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
 Another power, no floud by raining slaketh,
 My woe too sencible thy passion maketh
 More feeling painfull, let it than suffice
 To drowne on woe, one paire of weeping eyes. 1680

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,
 For shee that was thy LUCRECE, now attend me,
 Be sodainelic revenged on my Foe.
 Thine, mine, his own, suppose thou dost defend me
 From what is past, the helpe that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the 'Traytor die,
 " For sparing Justice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth shee,
 (Speaking to those that came with COLATINE)
 Shall plight your Honourable faiths to me, 1690
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine,
 For tis a meritorious faire designe,
 To chase injustice with revengefull armes,
 Knights by their oaths should right poore Ladies
 harmes. |

At this request, with noble disposition,
 Each present Lord began to promise aide,
 As bound in Knighthood to her imposition,
 Longing to heare the hatefull Foe bewraide.
 But shee that yet her sad taske hath not said,
 'The protestation stops, ô speake quoth shee, 1700
 How may this forced staine be wip'd from me?

1679 *feeling painfull: feeling-painful-SZWELL.*

LUCRECE

What is the qualitie of my offence
 Being constrayn'd with dreadfull circumstance?
 May my pure mind with the fowle act dispence
 My low declined Honor to advance?
 May anie termes acquit me from this chance?
 The poysoned fountaine cleares it selfe againe,
 And why not I from this compelled staine?

With this they all at once began to saie,
 Her bodies staine, her mind untainted cleares, 1710
 While with a joylesse smile, shee turnes awaie
 The face, that map which deepe impression beares
 Of hard misfortune, carv'd it in with tears.
 No no, quoth shee, no Dame hereafter living,
 By my excuse shall claime excuses giving.

Here with a sigh as if her heart would breake,
 Shee throwes forth TARQUINS name: he he, she saies,
 But more then he, her poore tong could not speake,
 Till after manie accents and delaies,
 Unmellic breathings, sicke and short assaies, 1720
 Shee utters this, he he faire Lords, tis he
 That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmlesse brest
 A harmfull knife, that thence her soule unsheathed,
 That blow did baile it from the deepe unrest
 Of that polluted prison, where it breathed:
 Her contrite sighes unto the clouds bequeathed
 Her winged sprite, & through her wounds doth flie
 Lives lasting date, from cancel'd destinie.

1713. *it ins in it*—MALONE.

1715. *excuses: excus'd's*—MALONE.

1729. *Lives: Life's*—3-8Q.

LUCRECE

Stone still, astonisht with this deaddie deed, 1730
 Stood COLATINE, and all his Lordly crew,
 'Till LUCRECE Father that beholds her bleed,
 Himselfe, on her selfe-slaughtred bodie threw,
 And from the purple fountaine BRUTUS drew
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
 Her blood in poore revenge, held it in chase.

And bubling from her brest, it doth deuide
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her bodie in on everie side,
 Who like a late sack't Iland vastlie stood 1740
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearfull flood.
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And som look'd black, & that false TARQUIN stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that blacke blood, a watrie rigoll¹ goes, 1circle
 Which seemes to weep upon the tainted place,
 And ever since as pittying LUCRECE woes,
 Corrupted blood, some waterie token showes,
 And blood untainted, still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrified. 1750

Daughter, deare daughter, old LUCRETIVS cries,
 That life was mine which thou hast here deprived,
 If in the childe the fathers image lies,
 Where shall I live now LUCRECE is unliv'd?
 Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
 If children praedecease progenitours,
 We are their offspring and they none of ours.

LUCRECE

Poore broken glasse, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance, my old age new borne,
 But now that faire fresh mirror dim and old 1760
 Shewes me ■ bare bon'd death by time out-worne,
 O from thy cheekes my image thou hast torne,
 And shiverd all the beautie of my glasse,
 That I no more can see what once I was.

O time cease thou thy course and last no longer,
 If they surcease to be that should survive:
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the foultring feeble soules alive?
 The old Bees die, the young possesse their hive,
 Then live sweet LUCRECE, live againe and see 1770
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts COLATINE as from a dreame,
 And bids LUCRECIUS give his sorrow place,
 And than in key-cold LUCRECE bleeding streame
 He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his face,
 And counterfaits to die with her a space.
 Till manly shame bids him possesse his breath,
 And live to be revenged on her death.

The deepe vexation of his inward soule,
 Hath serv'd a dumbe arrest upon his tongue, 1780
 Who mad that sorrow should his use controll,
 Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
 Weake words, so thick come in his poor harts aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

1768. *foultring*: *faltering*—MALONE.

LUCRECE

Yet sometime TARQUIN was pronounced plaine,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
 'This windie tempest, till it blow up raine,
 Held backe his sorrowes tide, to make it more.
 At last it raines, and busie windes give ore, 1790
 Then sonne and father weep with equall strife,
 Who shuld weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.
 The father saies, shee's mine, ô mine shee is
 Replies her husband, do not take away
 My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say
 He weepes for her, for shee was onely mine,
 And onelie must be wayl'd by COLATINE.

O, quoth LUCRETIVS, I did give that life 1800
 Which shee to earely and too late hath spil'd
 Woe, woe, quoth COLATINE, shee was my wife,
 I owed her, and tis mine that shee hath kild.
 My daughter and my wife with clamors fild
 The disperst aire, who holding LUCRECE life,
 Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

Brutus who pluck't the knife from LUCRECE side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to cloath his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in LUCRECE wound his follies show, 1810
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As seelie jeering idiots are with Kings,
 For sportive words, and uttring foolish things.

1801. to .. too: too .. too-4-8Q.

1812. seelie jeering: silly-jeering-MALONE.

LUCRECE

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,
Wherein deepe pollicie did him disguise,
And arm'd his long hid wits advisedlie,
To checke the teares in COLATINUS eies.
Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he, arise,
Let my unsounded selfe suppos'd a foole,
Now set thy long experienc't wit to schoole. 1820

Why COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds helpe wounds, or grieve helpe greivous
deeds? |
Is it revenge to give thy selfe ■ blow,
For his fowle Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?
Such childish humor from weake minds proceeds,
Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,
To slaie her selfe that should have slaine her Foe.

Couragious Romaine, do not steepe thy hart
In such relenting dew of Lamentations,
But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part, 1830
To rowse our Romaine Gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations.
(Since Rome her self in them doth stand disgraced,)
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chaced.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,
And by this chast blood so unjustlie stained,
By heavens faire sun that breeds the fat earths store,
By all our countrey rights in Rome maintained,
And by chast LUCRECE soule that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloudie knife, 1840
We will revenge the death of this true wife

LUCRECE

This sayd, he strooke his hand upon his breast
And kist the fatall knife to end his vow:
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondring at him, did his words allow.
Then joyntlie to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deepe vow which BRUTUS made before,
He doth againe repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworne to this advised doome,
They did conclude to beare dead LUCRECE thence, 1850
To shew her bleeding bodie thorough Roome,
And so to publish TARQUINS fowle offence;
Which being done, with speedie diligence,
The Romaines plausibly did give consent,
To TARQUINS everlasting banishment.

FINIS.

SONNETS



MINOR POEMS

INTRODUCTION

SONNETS

SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets met with a different fate from that of his narrative poems. 'Venus and Adonis' sprang at once into popularity, and continued to be read through many successive editions. 'The Rape of Lucrece' also attained popularity in slightly less degree. But the Sonnets, not published until 1609, were not reprinted until 1640, when they were altered in arrangement, given various titles, and accompanied with poems by others. They remained in obscurity for one hundred and forty years—although new editions were occasionally issued—until, in 1780, Malone opened a vein of research with the Sonnets as keys to the life and character of their author. Since then fates have been reversed. 'Venus' and 'Lucrece' have been comparatively neglected, while whole libraries of criticism on the Sonnets have appeared, and will probably continue to appear.

The subject presents so many sides that the brief glance here can hardly do it justice, save in outlining to the reader the chief fields of investigation. There have been two schools of opinion: (1) that the Sonnets echo phases in the poet's own life and were addressed to real people; (2) that they are artistic exercises in composition written to rival the efforts of other poets on similar themes. The second premise

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requires no further outline here beyond ■ remark as to form. These poems were written in ■ sonneteering age, and show many resemblances to the examples of Shakespeare's fellow-writers,—Sidney, Daniel, Constable, Barnes, Fletcher, Drayton, Spenser, Lodge, and Chapman,—all of whom turned their attention to this then popular style of writing. Daniel's form most nearly resembled that of Shakespeare, now called by the latter's name,—a quatorzain, or three quatrains with final couplet,—in contradistinction to the classic Petrarchan form. Surrey had previously experimented in the English form.

The belief that the Sonnets contain personal history is wide-spread and interesting. The first question it confronts is, Who is the W. H. to whom they are addressed as 'the onlie begetter'? Arguments have been adduced to show that he was Henry Wriothesley (Earl of Southampton), William Herbert (Earl of Pembroke), William Hughes, William Hathaway, William Hart, and William Hervey. The first two names have the weight of evidence, and are most evenly divided as to the number of their adherents.

The Sonnet-sequence falls under two main heads : (1) Friendship for ■ man which surpasses other love, though meeting with doubts and trials (Sonnets 1-126); (2) Love for an unfaithful woman (Sonnets 127-154). Under the first heading may be placed eight groups (which differ slightly with different critics): A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H. Group A (1-25) is written in praise of a handsome youth, the poet's best friend, who is urged to marry and who is given tributes of grateful affection. Group B (26-32) is a continuous poem on absence, the writer's sorrow at separation receiving solace in remembered friendship. Group C

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(33-42) deals with disillusionment. The friend has wronged him by stealing away the poet's mistress; yet the poet writes in a spirit of self-denial and forgiveness. Group D (43-55) expresses friendship's fears during absence. Group E (56-77) is contemplative and increasingly metaphysical. The poet sadly gazes on Beauty seized by Decay, on the Vanity of Life, and on Death. Group F (78-86) is concerned with rival poets and contemporary matters. Group G (87-99) changes its theme to abused friendship, estrangement, and parting. Group H (100-126) opens after silence; renews the writer's protestations to his friend; and closes with that friendship triumphant.

The second heading has two groups: A and B. Group A (127-152) is a tribute to his mistress's charm and a complaint against her infidelity. The mistress may be the same whom his friend steals away in the preceding theme. Group B (153-154) is a sort of epilogue in the spirit of Greek epigrams.

As to the date when the Sonnets were written, evidence goes to show that they extended over at least two or three years, perhaps more. They were first published in 1609, but some of them, at least, must have been written more than ten years earlier. Francis Meres, in his *'Palladis Tamia'* (1598), mentions Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," his "Lucrece," his sugred sonnets among his private friends. 'Venus and Adonis' was published in 1593, and 'Lucrece' in 1594. The latter year, therefore, probably witnessed the beginning of the Sonnets. Two of them (138, 144) were published in 1599, in *'The Passionate Pilgrime.'* The line (76), 'And art made tonguetied by authority,' has been held to refer to the clos-

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ing of the theaters by edict in June, 1600. Sonnet 104 indicates that three years had elapsed since the poet first saw the friend to whom his early Sonnets were addressed. Other intervals of time are also indicated among the various groups. A mention of Saturn in April (98) and an eclipse of the moon (107) have been ingeniously ascribed to real astronomical happenings of the years 1602-5.

Internal evidence connects the early Sonnets closely with the early love-plays, 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Loves Labour's Lost,' etc., while later Sonnets, with their notes of sadness and introspection, correspond with darker comedies, such as 'Measure for Measure,' and the tragedies.

The Sonnets seem to have extended over a ten-year period beginning about 1594.

The first edition was a Quarto of 1609: 'Shakespeare's Sonnets. Never before Imprinted. At London By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by William Aspley. 1609.' The book was entered May 20, 1609. At its end appeared 'A Lovers Complaint.'

The next edition appeared in 1640, with Shakespeare's name, different publishers, and a change in the order of poems.

The present text follows the First Quarto.

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'A Lovers Complaint,' as has just been stated, was first printed at the end of the volume of Sonnets, 1609. It is written in the same meter as 'Lucrece,' and probably belongs to the same period.

'The Passionate Pilgrime' and 'Sonnets to Sundry

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Notes of Musicke' are made up of odds and ends of verse, by no means certainly attributed to Shakespeare. They were published in 1599 by William Jaggard, and Shakespeare's name was placed on the title-page. But Jaggard was an untrustworthy agent, and his evidence is not conclusive. Some parts of an incomplete poem on Venus and Adonis were included, perhaps experiments by Shakespeare; two of his Sonnets (138, 144); three poems from 'Loves Labour's Lost'; and some miscellaneous pieces, part of which perhaps being composed by him, and another part most surely by other writers.

The 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke' are an integral part of Jaggard's volume of 1599, and are usually included with 'The Passionate Pilgrime' without distinctive title. For the reader's convenience we have placed the name of the probable author or source of the various verses at the top of each page in small type.

The 'Phoenix and Turtle' first appeared with other poems by Jonson, Chapman, and others, as contributions to a volume entitled 'Love's Martyr; or Rosalins Complaint,' published by Robert Chester in 1601. This poem bears Shakespeare's signature, and there is no ground to contest its authority. Its purport is puzzlingly mystical.

The texts of these miscellaneous poems follow their earliest printed appearances, since they were not included in the First Folio.

SHAKE-SPEARES
SONNETS

SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Never before Imprinted.

AT LONDON

By *G. Eld* FOR *T. T.* AND ARE
TO BE SOLDE BY *William Aspley.*

1609.

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSUING. SONNETS.
Mr. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.

BY
OUR. EVER-LIVING POET.
WISHETH.
THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTURER. IN
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.

SHAKE-SPEARES,

SONNETS.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties *Rose* might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall fewell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy spring, 10
Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,
And tender chorle makst wast in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the grave and thee.

2

When fortie Winters shall beseige thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud livery so gaz'd on now,
Wil be ■ totter'd weed of smal worth held:

2. 4. totter'd: tatter'd—GILDON.

Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies;
 To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriflesse praise.
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauties use,
 If thou couldst answer this faire child of mine 10
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
 Prooving his beautie by succession thine.

This were to be new made when thou art ould,
 And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could.

3

Looke in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,
 Now is the time that face should forme an other,
 Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,
 Thou doo'st beguile the world, unblesse some mother.
 For where is she so faire whose un-eard wombe
 Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,
 Of his selfe love to stop posterity?
 Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely Aprill of her prime, 10
 So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
 Dispight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.

But if thou live remembred not to be,
 Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

4

Unthrifty lovelinesse why dost thou spend,
 Upon thy selfe thy beauties legacy?
 Natures bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
 And 'being franck she lends to those are free:

2. 10-11. marked as quotation: 'This faire .. excuse'—MALONE.
 14. *could*: cold—EVANS.

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Then beautilous nigard why doost thou abuse,
 The bountious largesse given thee to give?
 Profitles userer why doost thou use
 So great a summe of summes yet can'st not live?
 For having traffike with thy selfe alone,
 Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceave, 10
 Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable *Audit* can'st thou leave?
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which used lives th'executor to be.

5

Those howers that with gentle worke did frame,
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
 Will play the tirants to the very same,
 And that unfaire which fairely doth excell:
 For never resting time leads Summer on,
 To hidious winter and confounds him there,
 Sap checkt with frost and lustie leav's quite gon.
 Beauty ore-snow'd and barennes every where,
 Then were not summers distillation left
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse, 10
 Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was. ¹lose
 But flowers distil'd though they with winter meete,
 Leese¹ but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

6

Then let not winters wragged hand deface,
 In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd:
 Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,
 With beautits treasure ere it be selfe kil'd:

5. 7. *leav's*: leaves—EDITION 1640.

6. 4. *beautits*: beauty's (beauties—EDITION 1640)—SEWELL.

That use is not torbidden usery,
 Which happies those that pay the willing lone;
 That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
 Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
 Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee, 10
 Then what could death doe if thou should'st depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
 To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire.

7

Loe in the Orient when the gracious light,
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
 Serving with lookes his sacred majesty,
 And having climb'd the steepe up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
 But when from high-most pich with wery car,
 Like feeble age he reeleth from the day, 10
 The eyes (fore dutious) now converted are
 From his low tract and looke an other way:
 So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
 Unlok'd on diest unlesse thou get a sonne.

8

Musick to heare, why hear'st thou musick sadly,
 Sweetes with sweets warre not, joy delights in joy:
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receavst not gladly,
 Or else receav'st with pleasure thine annoy?

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If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
 By unions married do offend thine eare,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singlenesse the parts that thou should'st beare:
 Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
 Strike each in each by mutuall ordering; 10
 Resembling sier, and child, and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee thou single wilt prove none.

9

Is it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
 That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?
 Ah; if thou issulesse shalt hap to die,
 The world will waile thee like a makelesse¹ wife,
 The world wilbe thy widdow and still weepe,
 That thou no forme of thee hast left behind, ¹*mateless*
 When every privat widdow well may keepe,
 By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in minde:
 Looke what an unthrift in the world doth spend
 Shifts but his place, for still the world injoyes it 10
 But beauties waste hath in the world an end,
 And kept unusde the user so destroyes it:
 No love toward others in that bosome sits
 That on himselfe such murderous shame commits.

10

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any
 Who for thy selfe art so unprovident
 Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident:

8. 14. marked as quotation: 'Thou single wilt prove none'—
 MALONE.

10. 1. *For shame: For shame!*—SEWELL.

For thou art so possest with murderous hate,
 That gainst thy selfe thou stickst not to conspire,
 Seeking that beautilous rooffe to ruinate
 Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire:
 O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
 Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle love? 10
 Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,
 Or to thy selfe at least kind harted prove,
 Make thee an other selfe for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

11

As fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st,
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
 And that fresh bloud which yongly thou bestow'st,
 Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth convertest,
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase,
 Without this follie, age, and could decay,
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore yeare would make the world away:
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh, feature lesse, and rude, barrenly perrish, 10
 Looke whom she best indow'd, she gave the more;
 Which bountious guift thou shouldst in bounty cherrish,
 She carv'd thee for her seale, and ment therby,
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

12

When I doe count the clock that tels the time,
 And see the brave day sunck in hidious night,
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls or silver'd ore with white:

11. 6. *could*: cold—GILDON (1714).

12. 4. *or silver'd ore*: all silver'd o'er—MALONE.

SONNETS

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopie the herd
 And Sommers greene all girded up in sheaves
 Borne on the beare with white and bristly beard:
 Then of thy beauty do I question make
 That thou among the wastes of time must goe, 10
 Since sweets and beauties do them-selves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow,
 And nothing gainst Times sieth can make defence
 Save breed to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

13

O that you were your selfe, but love you are
 No longer yours, then you your selfe here live,
 Against this cumming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Find no determination, then you were
 You selfe again after your selves decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare.
 Who lets so faire a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold, 10
 Against the stormy gusts of winters day
 And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?
 O none but unthrifts, deare my love you know,
 You had a Father, let your Son say so.

14

Not from the stars do I my judgement plucke,
 And yet me thinkes I have Astronomy,
 But not to tell of good, or evil lucke,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quallity,

12. 8. *beare*: *bier*—GILDON (1714).
 GILDON.

12. 13. *sieth*: *scythe*—

13. 7. *You selfe*: *Yourself*—EDITION 1640.

Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell;
 Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
 Or say with Princes if it shal go wel
 By oft predict that I in heaven finde.
 But from thine eies my knowledge I derive,
 And constant stars in them I read such art 10
 As truth and beautie shal together thrive
 If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldst convert:
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date.

15

When I consider every thing that growes
 Holds in perfection but a little moment.
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shoves
 Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment.
 When I perceiue that men as plants increase,
 Cheared and cheekt even by the selfe-same skie:
 Vaunt in their youthfull sap, at height decrease,
 And were their brave state out of memory.
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight, 10
 Where wastfull time debateth with decay
 To change your day of youth to sullied night,
 And all in war with Time for love of you
 As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

16

But wherefore do not you a mightier waie
 Make warre uppon this bloudie tirant time?
 And fortifie your selfe in your decay
 With meanes more blessed then my barren rime?
 Now stand you on the top of happie houres,

15. 8. were: wear—GILDON.

SONNETS

And many maiden gardens yet unset,
 With vertuous wish would beare your living flowers,
 Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
 So should the lines of life that life repaire
 Which this ('Times pensel or my pupill pen) 10
 Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
 Can make you live your selfe in eies of men,
 To give away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,
 And you must live drawne by your owne sweet skill.

17

Who will beleeeve my verse in time to come
 If it were fild with your most high deserts?
 Though yet heaven knowes it is but as a tombe
 Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts:
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say this Poet lies,
 Such heavenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
 So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
 Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue, 10
 And your true rights be termd a Poets rage,
 And stretched miter of an Antique song.

But were some childe of yours alive that time,
 You should live twise in it, and in my rime.

18

Shall I compare thee to a Summers day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
 And Summers lease hath all too short a date:

17. 7-8. marked as quotation: 'This Poet .. faces'—COLLIER.

12. *miter*: *meter*—GILDON.

14. semicolon after *twice*—MALONE.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
 And every faire from faire some-time declines,
 By chance, or natures changing course untrim'd:
 But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
 Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st, 10
 Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,
 When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,
 So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee,

19

Devouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,
 And make the earth devoure her owne sweet brood,
 Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers jawes,
 And burne the long liv'd Phænix in her blood,
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
 But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,
 O carve not with thy howers my loves faire brow,
 Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen, 10
 Him in thy course untainted doe allow,
 For beauties patterne to succeding men.
 Yet doe thy worst ould Time dispight thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

20

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
 Haste thou the Master Mistris of my passion,
 A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
 With shifting change as is false womens fashion,

SONNETS

An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in rowling:
 Gilding the object where-upon it gazeth,
 A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,
 Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth.
 And for ■ woman wert thou first created,
 Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge, 10
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,
 Mine be thy love and thy loves use their treasure.

21

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
 Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,
 Who heaven it selfe for ornament doth use,
 And every faire with his faire doth reherse,
 Making a coopelment of proud compare
 With Sunne and Moone, with earth and seas rich gems:
 With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
 That heavens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
 O let me true in love but truly write,
 And then beleeeve me, my love is as faire, 10
 As any mothers childe, though not so bright
 As those Gould candells fixt in heavens ayer:
 Let them say more that like of heare-say well,
 I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.

22

My glasse shall not perswade me I am ould,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date,
 But when in thee times forrwes I behould,
 Then look I death my daies should expiate.

21. 5. *coopelment*: *couplement*—M LO E. 21. 6. *seas*: *sea's*—
 EWING. 22. 3. *forrwes*: *furrows* (*forrowes*)—EDITION 1640.

For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
 Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,
 Which in thy brest doth live, as thine in me,
 How can I then be elder then thou art?
 O therefore love be of thy selfe so wary,
 As I not for thy selfe, but for thee will, 10
 Bearing my heart which I will keepe so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slaine,
 Thou gav'st me thine not to give backe againe.

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his feare is put besides his part,
 Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
 Whose strengths abundance weakens his owne heart;
 So I for feare of trust, forget to say,
 The perfect ceremony of loves right,
 And in mine owne loves strength seeine to decay,
 Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loves might:
 O let my books be then the eloquence,
 And dumb presagers of my speaking brest, 10
 Who pleade for love, and look for recompence,
 More then that tonge that more hath more exprest.
 O learn to read what silent love hath writ,
 To hear wit eies belongs to loves fine wiht.

24

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,¹
 Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
 My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
 And perspective it is best Painters art. ¹*placed*

23. 14. *wit* .. *wiht*: with .. wit—EDITION 1640.

24. 1. *steeld*: *stell'd*—DYCE.

24. 3. *ti's*: 'tis—GILDON.

SONNETS

For through the Painter must you see his skill,
 To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies,
 Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil,
 That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
 Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies have done,
 Mine eyes have drawne thy shape, and thine for me 10
 Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun
 Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
 They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

25

Let those who are in favor with their stars,
 Of publike honour and proud titles host,
 Whilst I whome fortune of such tryumph bars
 Unlookt for joy in that I honour most;
 Great Princes favorites their faire leaves spread,
 But as the Marygold at the suns eye,
 And in them-selves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frowne they in their glory die.
 The painefull warriar famosed for worth,
 After a thousand victories once foild, 10
 Is from the booke of honour rased quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toild:

Then happy I that love and am beloved
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

26

Lord of my love, to whome in vassalage
 Thy merrit hath my dutie strongly knit:
 To thee I send this written ambassage
 To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit.

Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine
 May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it;
 But that I hope some good conceipt of thine
 In thy soules thought (all naked) will bestow it:
 Til whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with faire aspect, 10
 And puts apparrell on my tottered loving,
 To show me worthy of their sweet respect,
 Then may I dare to boast how I doe love thee,
 Til then, not show my head where thou maist prove me

27

Weary with toyle, I hast me to my bed,
 The deare repose for lims with travaill tired,
 But then begins ■ journey in my head
 To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee;
 And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
 Looking on darknes which the blind doe see.
 Save that my soules imaginary sight
 Presents their shaddoe to my sightles view, 10
 Which like a jewell (hunge in gastly night)
 Makes blacke night beautilous, and her old face new.
 Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

28

How can I then returne in happy plight
 That am debard the benifit of rest?
 When daies oppression is not eazd by night,
 But day by night and night by day oprest.

26. 11. *tottered*: *tatter'd*-SEWELL. 26. 12. *their*: *thy*-MALONE.

27. 2. *travaill*: *travel*-EWING. 27. 10. *their*: *thy*-MALONE.

SONNETS

And each (though enimies to ethers raigne)
 Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,
 The one by toyle, the other to complaine
 How far I toyle still farther off from thee.
 I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,
 And do'st him grace when clouds doe blot the heaven:
 So flatter I the swart complexioned night, 11
 When sparkling stars twire¹ not thou guil'st th'eaven.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer,
 And night doth nightly make greefes length seeme
 stronger | ¹ *twinkle*

29

When in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
 And trouble deafe heaven with my bootlesse cries,
 And looke upon my selfe and curse my fate.
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest,
 Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
 With what I most injoy contented least,
 Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
 Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state, 10
 (Like to the Larke at breake of daye arising)
 From sullen earth sings himns at Heavens gate,
 For thy sweet love remembred such welth brings,
 That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

30

When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
 I sommon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lacke of many ■ thing I sought,
 And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:

28. 12. *guil'st th'eaven*: *gild'st the even*—SEWELL.

14. *length*: *strength*—DYCE.

Then can I drowne an eye (un-us'd to flow)
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
 And weepe a fresh loves long since canceld woe,
 And mone th'expende of many a vannisht sight.

Then can I greeve at greevances fore-gon,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell ore
 The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
 Which I new pay, as if not payd before.

10

But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
 All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

31

Thy bosome is indeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
 And there raignes Love and all Loves loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.

How many a holy and obsequious teare
 Hath deare religious love stolne from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appeare,
 But things remov'd that hidden in there lie,
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the tropheis of my lovers gon,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
 That due of many, now is thine alone.

10

Their images I lov'd, I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

32

If thou survive my well contented daie,
 When that churle death my bones with dust shall cover
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survay:
 These poore rude lines of thy deceased Lover:

30. 7. *a fresh*: afresh--SEWELL.31. 8. *there*: thee--GILDON.31. 10. *tropheis*: trophies--GILDON.

SONNETS

Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
 And though they be out-stript by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
 Exceeded by the hight of happier men.
 Oh then voutsafe me but this loving thought,
 Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age,
 A dearer birth then this his love had brought 11
 To march in ranckes of better equiptage:
 But since he died and Poets better prove,
 Theirs for their stile ile read, his for his love.

33

Full many a glorious morning have I seene,
 Flatter the mountaine tops with soveraine eie,
 Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;
 Guilding pale streames with heavenly alcumy:
 Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,
 With ougly rack on his celestially face,
 And from the for-lorne world his visage hide
 Stealing unseene to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my Sunne one early morne did shine,
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow, 10
 But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
 The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this, my love no whit disdaineth,
 Suns of the world may staine, when heavens sun
 stainteth. |

34

Why didst thou promise such a beautious day,
 And make me travaile forth without my cloake,
 To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way,
 Hiding thy brav'ry in their rotten smoke.

32. 9. *voutsafe*: *vouchsafe*—EDITION 1640.

10-14. marked as quotation: 'Had my .. his love'—MALONE.

33. 14. *stainteh*: *staineth*—EDITION 1640.

Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
 To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speake,
 That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
 Nor can thy shame give phisicke to my griefe,
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the losse, 10
 Th'offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe
 To him that beares the strong offenses losse.
 Ah but those teares are pearle which thy love sheeds,
 And they are ritch, and ransome all ill deeds.

35

No more bee greev'd at that which thou hast done,
 Roses have thornes, and silver fountaines mud,
 Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
 My selfe corrupting salving thy amisse,
 Excusing their sins more then their sins are ;
 For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,
 Thy adverse party is thy Advocate, 10
 And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,
 Such civill war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be,
 To that sweet theefe which sourely robs from me.

36

Let me confesse that we two must be twaine,
 Although our undevided loves are one:
 So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
 Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.

34. 12. *losse*: cross—MALONE. 34. 13. *sbeeds*: sheds—GILDON
 35. 8. *their* .. *their*: *thy* .. *thy*—MALONE.

SONNETS

In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a seperable spight,
 Which though it alter not loves sole effect,
 Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loves delight,
 I may not ever-more acknowledge thee,
 Least my bewailed guilt should do thee shame, 10
 Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
 Unlesse thou take that honour from thy name:
 But doe not so, I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

37

As a decrepit father takes delight,
 To see his active childe do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more
 Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit,
 I make my love ingrafted to this store:
 So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give, 10
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory live:
 Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,
 This wish I have, then ten times happy me.

38

How can my Muse want subject to invent
 While thou dost breath that poor'st into my verse,
 Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse:

37. 7. *their: thy*—MALONE. 38. 2. *breatb .. poor'st: breathe ..*
 pour'st—GILDON. 38. 3. *to: too*—EDITION 1640.

Oh give thy selfe the thanks if ought in me,
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
 For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thy selfe dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
 Then those old nine which rimers invoke, 10
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight Muse doe please these curious daies,
 The paine be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

39

Oh how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring;
 And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee,
 Even for this, let us devided live,
 And our deare love loose name of single one
 That by this seperation I may give:
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone:
 Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou prove,
 Were it not thy soure leisure gave sweet leave, 10
 To entertaine the time with thoughts of love,
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive,
 And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,
 By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

40

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all,
 What hast thou then more then thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou maist true love call,
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more:

SONNETS

Then if for my love, thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest,
 But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceavest
 By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refusest.
 I doe forgive thy robb'rie gentle theefe
 Although thou steale thee all my poverty: 10
 And yet love knowes it is ■ greater grieve
 To beare loves wrong, then hates knowne injury.
 Lascivious grace in whom all il wel showes,
 Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes.

41

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am some-time absent from thy heart,
 Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,
 For still temptation followes where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
 Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed.
 And when a woman woes, what womans sonne,
 Will sourely leave her till he have prevailed.
 Aye me, but yet thou mightst my seate forbear,
 And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth, 10
 Who lead thee in their ryot even there
 Where thou art forst to breake a two fold truth:
 Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine by thy beautie beeing false to me.

42

That thou hast her it is not all my grieve,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her deerely,
 That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
 A losse in love that touches me more neerely.

40. 7. *this*: thy—GIL.

41. 8. *be*: she—MALONE.

Loving offenders thus I will excuse yee,
 Thou doost love her, because thou knowst I love her,
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffring my friend for my sake to approove her,
 If I loose thee, my losse is my loves gaine,
 And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse, 10
 Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,
 And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
 But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
 Sweete flattery, then she loves but me alone.

43

When most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected,
 But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,
 And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.
 Then thou whose shaddow shaddowes doth make bright,
 How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy show,
 To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,
 When to un-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
 By looking on thee in the living day? 10
 When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,
 Through heavy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay?
 All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,
 And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee
 me. |

44

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way,
 For then dispight of space I would be brought,
 From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay,

43. 11. *their: thy*—MALONE.

SONNETS

No matter then although my foote did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remoov'd from thee,
 For nimble thought can jumpe both sea and land,
 As soone as thinke the place where he would be.
 But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
 To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone, 10
 But that so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must attend, times leasure with my mone.
 Receiving naughts by elements so sloe,
 But heavie teares, badges of eithers woe.

45

The other two, slight ayre, and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, where ever I abide,
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker Elements are gone
 In tender Embassie of love to thee,
 My life being made of foure, with two alone,
 Sinks downe to death, opprest with melancholie.
 Untill lives composition be recured,
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee, 10
 Who even but now come back againe assured,
 Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
 This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
 I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

46

Mine eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
 How to devide the conquest of thy sight,
 Mine eye, my heart their pictures sight would barre,
 My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,

44. 12. comma after attend out—LINTOTT. 44. 13. *naughts*: nought—SEWELL. 45. 9. *lives*: life's—SEWELL. 45. 12. *their*: thy—MALONE. 46. 3, 8. *their*: thy—MALONE. 46. 4. *freedome*: misprint 1Q.

My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,
 (A closet never pearst with christall eyes)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
 To side this title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart, 10
 And by their verdict is determined
 The cleere eyes maytie, and the deare hearts part.
 As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
 And my hearts right, their inward love of heart.

47

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
 And each doth good turnes now unto the other,
 When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,
 Or heart in love with sighes himselfe doth smother;
 With my loves picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.
 So either by thy picture or my love,
 Thy selfe away, are present still with me, 10
 For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee.
 Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

48

How carefull was I when I tooke my way,
 Each trifle under truest barres to thrust,
 That to my use it might un-used stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust?

46. 9. *side* 'side—GILSON (1714). 46. 13-14. *their* .. *their*; *thy* .. *thy*—MALONE (1780). 47. 10. *selfe* *selfe*—EDITION 1640.

47. 10. *are* *art*—MALONE. 47. 11. *not* *not*—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest griefe,
 Thou best of deerest, and mine onely care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar theefe.
 Thee have I not lockt up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feele thou art, 10
 Within the gentle closure of my brest,
 From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part,
 And even thence thou wilt be stolne I feare,
 For truth prooves theevish for a prize so deare.

49

Against that time (if ever that time come)
 When I shall see thee frowne on my defects,
 When as thy love hath cast his utmost summe,
 Could to that audite by advis'd respects,
 Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,
 And scarcely greeete me with that sunne thine eye,
 When love converted from the thing it was
 Shall reasons finde of setled gravitie.
 Against that time do I insconce me here
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert, 10
 And this my hand, against my selfe upreare,
 To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,
 To leave poore me, thou hast the strength of
 lawes, |
 Since why to love, I can alledge no cause.

50

How heavie doe I journey on the way,
 When what I seeke (my wearie travels end)
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
 Thus farre the miles are measurde from thy friend.

The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
 Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee:
 The bloody spurre cannot provoke him on,
 That some-times anger thrusts into his hide, 10
 Which heavily he answers with a grone,
 More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
 For that same grone doth put this in my mind,
 My greefe lies onward and my joy behind.

51

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence,
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,
 From where thou art, why should I hast me thence,
 Till I returne of posting is noe need.
 O what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seeme but slow,
 Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,
 In winged speed no motion shall I know,
 Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,
 Therefore desire (of perfects love being made) 10
 Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race,
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,
 Since from thee going, he went wilfull slow,
 Towards thee ile run, and give him leave to goe.

52

So am I as the rich whose blessed key,
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not ev'ry hower surway,
 For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure.

50. 6. *duly*: *dully*—EDITION 1640.

51. 10. *perfects*: *perfect'st*—DYCE.

11. *naigh noe dull flesh in*: *neigh*—no dull flesh—in—CAMBRIDGE.

SONNETS

Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
 Since sildom comming in the long yeare set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captaine Jewells in the carconet.
 So is the time that keepes you as my chest,
 Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide, 10
 To make some speciall instant speciall blest,
 By new unfoulding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you whose worthinesse gives skope,
 Being had to triumph, being lackt to hope.

53

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?
 Since every one, hath every one, one shade,
 And you but one, can every shaddow lend:
 Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,
 Is poorely immitated after you,
 On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie set
 And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:
 Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare,
 The one doth shaddow of your beautie show, 10
 The other as your bountie doth appeare,
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all externall grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you for constant heart.

54

Oh how much more doth beautie beautilous seeme,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give,
 The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme
 For that sweet odor, which doth in it live:
 The Canker bloomes have full as deepe a die,
 As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,

Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
 When sommers breath their masked buds discloses:
 But for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade, 10
 Die to themselves. Sweet Roses doe not so,
 Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made:
 And so of you, beautilous and lovely youth,
 When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

55

Not marble, nor the gilded monument,
 Of Princes shall out-live this powrefull rime,
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmeer'd with sluttish time.
 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* over-turne,
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne:
 The living record of your memory.
 Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still finde roome,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity 11
 That weare this world out to the ending doome.
 So til the judgement that your selfe arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers eies.

56

Sweet love renew thy force, be it not said
 Thy edge should blunter be then appetite,
 Which but too daie by feeding is ulaid,
 To morrow sharpned in his former might.

54. 14. *vade: fade* GILDON. *by: my* MALONE.

55. 1. *monument: monuments* MALONE.

7. *warres: war's*, colon out after *burn*-GILDON.

56. 3, 5. *too daie: to-day* LINTOTT.

SONNETS

So love be thou, although too daie thou fill
 Thy hungrie eies, even till they winck with fulnesse,
 Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill
 The spirit of Love, with a perpetual dulnesse:
 Let this sad *Intrim* like the Ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new, 10
 Come daily to the banckes, that when they see:
 Returne of love, more blest may be the view.

As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,
 Makes Somers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more
 rare: |

57

Being your slave what should I doe but tend,
 Upon the houres, and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at al to spend;
 Nor services to doe til you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
 Whilst I (my souveraine) watch the clock for you,
 Nor thinke the bitternesse of absence sowre,
 When you have bid your servant once adieue.
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affaires suppose, 10
 But like a sad slave stay and thinke of nought
 Save where you are, how happy you make those.

So true a foole is love, that in your Will,
 ('Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

58

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand th'account of houres to crave,
 Being your vassail bound to staie your leisure.

56. 9. *Intrim*: interim-LINTOTT.

see-MALONE.

56. 11. colon out after

56. 13. *As*: Else-PALGRAVE.

57. 5. *world without end houre*: world-without-end-hour-EWING.

Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
 Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie,
 And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,
 Without accusing you of injury.

Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
 That you your selfe may priviledge your time
 To what you will, to you it doth belong,
 Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.

10

I am to waite though waiting so be hell,
 Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

59

If their bee nothing new, but that which is,
 Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,
 Which laboring for invention beare amisse
 The second burthen of a former child?

Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
 Even of five hundreth courses of the Sunne,
 Show me your image in some antique booke,
 Since minde at first in carrecter was done.
 That I might see what the old world could say,
 To this composed wonder of your frame,
 Whether we are mended, or where better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.

10

Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

60

Like as the waves make towards the pibled shore,
 So do our minuites hasten to their end,

58. 7. comma after *patience* instead of after *tame*—EWING.

59. 1. *their*: *there*—EDITION 1640.

6. *hundretb*: *hundred*—GILDON.

11. *where*: *whether*—CAMBRIDGE.

60. 1. *pibled*: *pebbled*—EWING.

SONNETS

Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toile all forwards do contend
 Nativity once in the maine of light.
 Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,
 And delves the paralels in beauties brow, 10
 Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
 And nothing stands but for his sieth to mow.
 And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
 Praising thy worth, dispight his cruell hand.

61

Is it thy wil; thy Image should keepe open
 My heavy eielids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So farre from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle houres in me,
 The skope and tenure of thy Jelousie?
 O no, thy love though much, is not so great,
 It is my love that keepes mine eie awake, 10
 Mine owne true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To plaie the watch-man ever for thy sake.
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me farre of, with others all to neere.

62

Sinne of selfe-love possesseth al mine eie,
 And all my soule, and al my every part;

60. 5. comma after light—GILDON. 60 12. *sieth*: *scythe*—EWING.
 61. 8. *tenure*: *tenour*—MALONE. 61. 14. *of* .. *to*: *off* .. *too*—GILDON.

And for this sinne there is no remedie,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Me thinkes no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,
 And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
 Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie, 10
 Mine owne selfe love quite contrary I read
 Selfe, so selfe loving were iniquity,
 T'is thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy daies,

63

Against my love shall be as I am now,
 With times injurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,
 When houres have dreind his blood and fild his brow
 With lines and wrincles, when his youthfull morne
 Hath travaild on to Ages steeple night,
 And all those beauties whereof now he's King
 Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.
 For such a time do I now fortifie
 Against confounding Ages cruell knife, 10
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet loves beauty, though my lovers life.
 His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seene,
 And they shall live, and he in them still greene.

64

When I have seene by times fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of outworne buried age,

63. 3. *fill'd*: fill'd-EDITION 1640.

5. *travaill'd*: travell'd-EWING.

SONNETS

When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,
And brasse eternall slave to mortall rage.

When I have seene the hungry Ocean gaine
Advantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,
And the firme soile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.

When I have seene such interchange of state,
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay, 10
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminare
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death which cannot choose
But weepe to have, that which it feares to loose.

65

Since brasse, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,
But sad mortallity ore-swaies their power,
How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger then a flower?

O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,
Against the wrackfull siede of battring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,
Nor gates of steele so strong but time decayes?
O fearefull meditation, where alack,
Shall times best Jewell from times chest lie hid? 10

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid?

O none, unlesse this miracle have might,
That in black inck my love may still shine bright.

66

Tyr'd with all these for restfull death I cry,
As to behold desert ■ begger borne,
And needie Nothing trimd in jollitie,
And purest faith unhappily forsworne,

65. 12. or beautie: of beauty—MALONE.

And gilded honor shamefully misplast,
 And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
 And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill, 10
 And simple-Truth miscalde Simplicitie,
 And captive-good attending Captaine ill.
 Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that to dye, I leave my love alone.

67

Ah wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impietie,
 That sinne by him advantage should atchive,
 And lace it selfe with his societie?
 Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,
 And steale dead seeing of his living hew?
 Why should poore beautie indirectly seeke
 Roses of shaddow, since his Rose is true?
 Why should he live, now nature banckrout is,
 Beggerd of blood to blush through lively vaines, 10
 For she hath no exchecker now but his,
 And proud of many, lives upon his gaines?
 O him she stores, to show what welth she had,
 In daies long since, before these last so bad.

68

Thus is his cheek the map of daies out-worne,
 When beauty liv'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow:

67. 9. *banckrout*: bankrupt—GILDON.

68. 2. *dy'ed*: died—MALONE.

68. 3. *borne*: born—GILDON.

SONNETS

Before the goulden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,
 To live a scond life on second head,
 Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:
 In him those holy antique howers are seene,
 Without all ornament, it selfe and true, 10
 Making no summer of an others greene,
 Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,
 And him as for ■ map doth Nature store,
 To shew faulse Art what beauty was of yore.

69

Those parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
 All touns (the voice of soules) give thee that end,
 Uttring bare truth, even so as foes Commend.
 Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd,
 But those same touns that give thee so thine owne,
 In other accents doe this praise confound
 By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.
 They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds, 10
 Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)
 To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,
 But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
 The solye is this, that thou doest common grow.

70

That thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slanders marke was ever yet the faire,
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A Crow that flies in heavens sweetest ayre.

68. 7. *scond life*: second life—EDITION 1640.

69. 3. *end*: due—2SEWELL. 69. 5. *Their*: Thy—MALONE (1790).

14. *solye*: solve—MALONE. 70. 1. *are*: art—EDITION 1640.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve,
 Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time,
 For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstayined prime.
 Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,
 Either not assayld, or victor beeing charg'd, 10
 Yet this thy praise cannot be soe thy praise,
 To tye up envy, evermore enlarged,
 If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts shouldst owe.

71

Noe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,
 Then you shall heare the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell:
 Nay if you read this line, remember not,
 The hand that writ it, for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if (I say) you looke upon this verse,
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay, 10
 Do not so much as my poore name reherse;
 But let your love even with my life decay.
 Least the wise world should looke into your mone,
 And mocke you with me after I am gon.

72

O least the world should taske you to recite,
 What merit liv'd in me that you should love
 After my death (deare love) forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove.

70. 6. *Their*: *Thy*-MALONE.
 EDITION 1640.

70. 8. *unstayined*: *unstained*-
 71. 2. *Tben*: *Than*-MALONE.

SONNETS

Unlesse you would devise some vertuous lye,
 To doe more for me then mine owne desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,
 Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
 O least your true love may seeme false in this,
 That you for love speake well of me untrue, 10
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me, nor you.

For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

73

That time of yeeare thou maist in me behold,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few doe hange
 Upon those boughes which shake against the could,
 Bare rn'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
 Deaths second selfe that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye, 10
 As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrish't by.

This thou percev'st, which makes thy love more
 strong, |

To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

74

But be contented when that fell arest,
 With out all bayle shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.

73. 3. *could*: cold—EDITION 1640. 73. 4. *rn'wd quiers*: ru'ind
 choirs—EDITION 1640. 74. 1. colon after *contented*—MALONE.

When thou revewest this, thou doest review,
 The very part was consecrate to thee,
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due,
 My spirit is thine the better part of me,
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The pray of wormes, my body being dead, 10
 The coward conquest of a wretches knife,
 To base of thee to be remembred,
 The worth of that, is that which it containes,
 And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

75

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
 As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
 Now proud as an injoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,
 Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by cleane starved for a looke, 10
 Possessing or pursuing no delight
 Save what is had, or must from you be tooke.
 Thus do I pine and surfet day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

76

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
 So far from variation or quicke change?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new found methods, and to compounds strange?

74. 11. *wretches*: *wretch's*-GILDON. 74. 12. *To*: *Too*-GILDON.
 75. 2. *shewers*: *showers*-LINTOTT.

SONNETS

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keepe invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost fel my name,
 Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
 O know sweet love I alwaies write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument: 10
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending againe what is already spent:
 For as the Sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told,

77

Thy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,
 Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits waste,
 The vacant leaves thy mindes imprint will beare,
 And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste.
 The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memorie,
 Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know,
 Times theevish progresse to eternitie.
 Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
 Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde 10
 Those children nurst, deliverd from thy braine,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,
 Shall profit thee, and much inrich thy booke.

78

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
 And found such faire assistance in my verse,
 As every *Alien* pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesie disperse.

76. 7. *fel*: tell—MALONE.

77. 1. *were*: wear—SEWELL.

77. 10. *blacks*: blanks—MALONE.

Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,
 And heavie ignorance aloft to flee,
 Have added fethers to the learneds wing,
 And given grace a double Majestie.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee, 10
 In others workes thou doost but mend the stile,
 And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be.
 But thou art all my art, and doost advance
 As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

79

Whilst I alone did call upon thy ayde,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
 But now my gracious numbers are decayde,
 And my sick Muse doth give an other place.
 I grant (sweet love) thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travaile of a worthier pen,
 Yet what of thee thy Poet doth invent,
 He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,
 He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,
 From thy behaviour, beautie doth he give 10
 And found it in thy cheeke: he can affoord
 No praise to thee, but what in thee doth live.
 Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay.

80

O how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tounge-tide speaking of your fame.

78. 6. *flee*: *fly* (sic)—BRITISH MUSEUM 1Q.

7. *learneds*: *learned'st*—GILDON.

SONNETS

But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
 The humble as the proudest saile doth beare,
 My sawsie barke (inferior farre to his)
 On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
 Your shallowest helpe will hold me up ■ floate,
 Whilst he upon your soundlesse deepe doth ride, 10
 Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
 Then If he thrive and I be cast away,
 The worst was this, my love was my decay.

81

Or I shall live your Epitaph to make,
 Or you servive when I in earth am rotten,
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortall life shall have,
 Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,
 The earth can yeeld me but a common grave,
 When you intombed in mens eyes shall lye,
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read, 10
 And touns to be, your beeing shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead,
 You still shall live (such vertue hath my Pen)
 Where breath most breaths, even in the mouths of
 men. |

82

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
 And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their faire subject, blessing every booke.

81. 14. *breaths: breathes*—SEWELL.

Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
 Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,
 And therefore art inforc'd to seeke anew,
 Some fresher stampe of the time bettering dayes.
 And do so love, yet when they have devisde,
 What strained touches Rhetorick can lend, 10
 Thou truly faire, wert truly simpathizde,
 In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
 And their grosse painting might be better us'd,
 Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

83

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your faire no painting set,
 I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
 The barren tender of a Poets debt:
 And therefore have I slept in your report,
 That you your selfe being extant well might show,
 How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
 This silence for my sinne you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory being dombe, 10
 For I impaire not beautie being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring ■ tombe.
 There lives more life in one of your faire eyes,
 Then both your Poets can in praise devise.

84

Who is it that sayes most, which can say more,
 Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,
 In whose confine immured is the store,
 Which should example where your equall grew,

82. 9. comma after so—MALONE.

83. 7. to: too—GILDON.

SONNETS

Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,
 That to his subject lends not some small glory,
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
 That you are you, so dignifies his story.
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so cleere. 10
 And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
 Making his stile admired every where.

You to your beautious blessings add ■ curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85

My tounge-tide Muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise richly compil'd,
 Reserve their Character with goulden quill,
 And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
 I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,
 And like unlettered clarke still crie Amen,
 To every Himne that able spirit affords,
 In polisht forme of well refined pen.
 Hearing you praisd, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
 And to the most of praise adde some-thing more, 10
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you
 (Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before,
 Then others, for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

86

Was it the proud full saile of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearce,
 Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?

84. 8. comma after story—LINTOTT.

86. 2. 10: too—GILDON.

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
 Above a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compiers by night
 Giving him ayde, my verse astonished.
 He nor that affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence, 10
 As victors of my silence cannot boast,
 I was not sick of any feare from thence,
 But when your countenance fild up his line,
 Then lackt I matter, that infeeble mine.

87

Farewell thou art too deare for my possessing,
 And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,
 The Cha ter of thy worth gives thee releasing:
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
 And for that ritches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,
 And so my pattent back againe is swerving.
 Thy selfe thou gav'st, thy owne worth then not knowing,
 Or mee to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking, 10
 So thy great guift upon misprision growing,
 Comes home againe, on better judgement making.
 Thus have I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
 In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

88

When thou shalt be dispode to set me light,
 And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,
 Upon thy side, against my selfe ile fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne:

86. 13. *fld: fill'd*—GILDON.
 EDITION 1640.

87. 3. *Cha ter: Charter*—
 88. 1. *dispode: disposed*—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

With mine owne weakenesse being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set downe a story
 Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:
 That thou in loosing me shall win much glory:
 And I by this wil be a gainer too,
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee, 10
 The injuries that to my selfe I doe,
 Doing thee vantage, duple vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.

89

Say that thou didst forsake mee for some falt,
 And I will comment upon that offence,
 Speake of my lamenesse, and I straight will halt:
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 'Thou canst not (love) disgrace me halfe so ill,
 To set a forme upon desired change,
 As ile my selfe disgrace, knowing thy wil,
 I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange:
 Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
 Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell, 10
 Least I (too much prophane) should do it wronge:
 And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against my selfe ile vow debate,
 For I must nere love him whom thou dost hate.

90

Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,
 Joyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,
 And doe not drop in for an after losse:

38. 8. *shall*: *shalt*—SEWELL.

Ah doe not, when my heart hath scapte this sorrow,
 Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
 Give not a windy night a rainie morrow,
 To linger out a purposd over-throw.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other pettie griefes have done their spight, 10
 But in the onset come, so stall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortunes might.

And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,
 Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

91

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
 Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
 Some in their Hawkes and Hounds, some in their Horse.
 And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it findes a joy above the rest,
 But these perticulers are not my measure,
 All these I better in one generall best.
 Thy love is bitter then high birth to me,
 Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost, 10
 Of more delight then Hawkes or Horses bee:
 And having thee, of all mens pride I boast.

Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take,
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

92

But doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,
 For tearme of life thou art assured mine,
 And life no longer then thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.

90. 11. *stall*: shall—EDITION 1640.
 MALONE.

91. 2. *bodies*: body's—

91. 9. *bitter*: better—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end,
 I see, a better state to me belongs
 Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie, 10
 Oh what a happy title do I finde,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But whats so blessed faire that feares no blot,
 'Thou maist be false, and yet I know it not.

93

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband, so loves face,
 May still seeme love to me, though alter'd new:
 Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
 For their can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
 In manies lookes, the false hearts history
 Is writ in moods and frownes and wrinkles strange,
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell, 10
 What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
 Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell.
 How like *Eaves* apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet vertue answere not thy show.

94

They that have power to hurt, and will doe none,
 That doe not do the thing, they most do shewe,
 Who moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmooved, could, and to temptation slow:

93. 5. *their: there* GILDON.
 MALONE (1790).

93. 7. *manies: many's-*
 94. 4. *could: cold* GILDON.

They rightly do inheritt heavens graces,
 And husband natures ritches from expence,
 They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
 Others, but stewards of their excellence:
 The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
 Though to it selfe, it onely live and die, 10
 But if that flowre with base infection meete,
 The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,
 Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

95

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
 Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
 Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?
 Oh in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
 (Making lascivious comments on thy sport)
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,
 Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
 Oh what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee, 10
 Where beauties vaile doth cover every blot,
 And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see!
 Take heed (deare heart) of this large priviledge,
 The hardest knife ill us'd doth loose his edge.

96

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse,
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and lesse:
 Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort:

95. 12. *turnes: turn*—SWEELL.

SONNETS

As on the finger of a throned Queene,
 The basest Jewell wil be well esteem'd:
 So are those errors that in thee are seene,
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,
 If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate. 10
 How many gazers mighst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state?
 But doe not so, I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97

How like ■ Winter hath my absence beene
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?
 What freezings have I felt, what darke daies seene?
 What old Decembers barenesse every where?
 And yet this time remov'd was sommers time,
 The teeming Autumne big with ritch increase,
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
 Like widdowed wombes after their Lords decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,
 But hope of Orphans, and un-fathered fruite, 10
 For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,
 And thou away, the very birds are mute.
 Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,
 That leaves looke pale, dreading the Winters neere

98

From you have I beene absent in the spring,
 When proud pide April (drest in all his trim)
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing:
 That heavie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him.

96. 11. *mighst*: *mightst*—LINTOTT.

Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
 Could make me any summers story tell:
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
 Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
 Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the Rose, 10
 They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:
 Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.
 Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
 As with your shaddow I with these did play.

99

The forward violet thus did I chide,
 Sweet theefe whence didst thou steale thy sweet that
 smels |
 If not from my loves breath, the purple pride,
 Which on thy soft cheeke for complexion dwells?
 In my loves veines thou hast too grosely died;
 The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjerom had stolne thy haire,
 The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand,
 Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
 A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both, 10
 And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
 But for his theft in pride of all his growth
 A vengfull canker eate him up to death.
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
 But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

100

Where art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,
 To speake of that which gives thee all thy might?

98. 9. *Lillies*: lily's—COLLIER. 11. *weare*: were—EDITION 1640.

99. 3-4. question-mark after *breath*, out after *dwells*—GILDON.

5. *died*: dyed—GILDON.

9. *Our*: One—GILDON.

SONNETS

Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe,
 Darkning thy powre to lend base subjects light.
 Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,
 In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
 Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme,
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
 Rise resty Muse, my loves sweet face surway,
 If time have any wrinkle graven there, 10
 If any, be a *Satire* to decay,
 And make times spoiles dispised every where.
 Give my love fame faster then time wasts life,
 So thou prevenst his sieth, and crooked knife.

101

Oh truant Muse what shalbe thy amends,
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends:
 So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
 Make answer Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,
 Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
 Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
 But best is best, if never intermixt.
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee, 10
 To make him much out-live a gilded tombe:
 And to be praisd of ages yet to be.
 Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how,
 To make him seeme long hence, as he showes now.

102

My love is strengthned though more weake in see-
 ming |
 I love not lesse, thogh lesse the show appeare,

100. 14. *prevenst*: prevent'st—GILDON. *sieth*: scythe—EWING.

101. 2. *di'd*: dyed—GILDON.

That love is marchandiz'd, whose ritch esteeming,
 The owners tongue doth publish every where.
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
 As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
 Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now
 Then when her mournfull himns did hush the night, 10
 But that wild musick burthens every bow,
 And sweets growne common loose their deare delight.
 Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:
 Because I would not dull you with my songe.

103

A lack what poverty my Muse brings forth,
 That having such a skope to show her pride,
 The argument all bare is of more worth
 Then when it hath my added praise beside.
 Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
 Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face,
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
 Were it not sinfull then striving to mend,
 To marre the subject that before was well, 10
 For to no other passe my verses tend,
 Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
 And more, much more then in my verse can sit,
 Your owne glasse shoves you, when you looke in it.

104

To me faire friend you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyde,

SONNETS

Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,
 Have from the Forrests shooke three summers pride,
 Three beautious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
 In processe of the seasons have I seene,
 Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
 Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
 Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd, 10
 So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand
 Hath motion, and mine eyes may be deceived.
 For fear of which, heare this thou age unbred,
 Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

105

Let not my love be cal'd Idolatrie,
 Nor my beloved as an Idoll show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kinde is my love to day, to morrow kinde,
 Still constant in ■ wondrous excellence,
 Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Faire, kinde and true, is all my argument,
 Faire, kinde and true, varrying to other words, 10
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three theams in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Faire, kinde, and true, have often liv'd alone.
 Which three till now, never kept seate in one.

106

When in the Chronicle of wasted time,
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beautie making beautifull old rime,
 In praise of Ladies dead, and lovely Knights,

Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
 Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique Pen would have exprest
 Even such a beauty as you maister now.
 So all their praises are but prophesies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring, 10
 And for they look'd but with devining eyes,
 They had not still enough your worth to sing:
 For we which now behold these present dayes,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tounge to praise.

107

Not mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love controule,
 Supposde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
 The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'de,
 And the sad Augurs mock their owne presage,
 Incertenties now crowne them-selves assur'de,
 And peace proclaimes Olives of endlesse age,
 Now with the drops of this most balmie time,
 My love lookes fresh, and death to me subscribes, 10
 Since spight of him Ile live in this poore rime,
 While he insults ore dull and speachlesse tribes.
 And thou in this shalt finde thy monument;
 When tyrants crests and tombs of brasse are spent.

108

What's in the braine that Inck may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,
 What's new to speake, what now to register,
 That may expresse my love, or thy deare merit?

106. 12. *still*: skill—MALONE.108. 3. *what now*: what new—MALONE.

SONNETS

Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers divine,
 I must each day say ore the very same,
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallowed thy faire name.
 So that eternall love in loves fresh case,
 Waighes not the dust and injury of age, 10
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward forme would shew it dead.

109

O never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,
 As easie might I from my selfe depart,
 As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye:
 That is my home of love, if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels I returne againe,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
 So that my selfe bring water for my staine,
 Never beleeeve though in my nature raign'd,
 All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood, 10
 That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy summe of good:
 For nothing this wide Universe I call,
 Save thou my Rose, in it thou art my all.

110

Alas 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made my selfe a motley to the view,
 Gor'd mine owne thoughts, sold cheap what is most
 deare, |
 Made old offences of affections new.

Most true it is, that I have lookt on truth
 Asconce and strangely: But by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart an other youth,
 And worse essaies prov'd thee my best of love,
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end,
 Mine appetite I never more will grin'de 10
 On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend,
 A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving brest.

III

O for my sake doe you wish fortune chide,
 The guiltie goddess of my harmfull deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide,
 Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd,
 To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,
 Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,
 Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke,
 Potions of Eysell against my strong infection, 10
 No bitternesse that I will bitter thinke,
 Nor double pennance to correct correction.

Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee,
 Even that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

III 2

Your love and pittie doth th'impression fill,
 Which vulgar scandall stamp't upon my brow,
 For what care I who calles me well or ill,
 So you ore-greene my bad, my good alow?

SONNETS

You are my All the world, and I must strive,
 To know my shames and praises from your tounge,
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sence or changes right or wrong,
 In so profound *Abisme* I throw all care
 Of others voyces, that my Adders sence, 10
 To cryttick and to flatterer stopped are:
 Marke how with my neglect I doe dispence.
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides me thinkes y'are dead.

113

Since I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
 And that which governes me to goe about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seemes seeing, but effectually is out:
 For it no forme delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
 Of his quick objects hath the minde no part,
 Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet-favor or deformedst creature, 10
 The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night:
 The Croe, or Dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 Incapable of more repleat, with you,
 My most true minde thus maketh mine untrue.

114

Or whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
 Drinke up the monarks plague this flattery?
 Or whether shall I say mine eie saith true,
 And that your love taught it this *Alcumie*?

112. 14. *y'are*: out—MALONE. 113. 6. *lack*: *latch*—MALONE (1790).

113. 13. comma after *more* instead of *repleat*—MALONE.

14. *maketh mine untrue*: *makes mine eye untrue*—GLOBE.

To make of monsters, and things indigest,
 Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,
 Creating every bad ■ perfect best
 As fast as objects to his beames assemble:
 Oh tis the first, tis flatry in my seeing,
 And my great minde most kingly drinks it up, 10
 Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greeing,
 And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
 If it be poison'd, tis the lesser sinne,
 That mine eye loves it and doth first beginne.

115

Those lines that I before have writ doe lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you deerer,
 Yet then my judgement knew no reason why,
 My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer.
 But reckoning time, whose milliond accidents
 Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,
 Tan sacred beautie, blunt the-sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong mindes to th'course of altring things:
 Alas why fearing of times tiranie,
 Might I not then say now I love you best, 10
 When I was certaine ore in-certainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest:
 Love is ■ Babe, then might I not say so
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

119 [116]

Let me not to the marriage of true mindes
 Admit impediments, love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration findes,
 Or bends with the remover to remove.
 O no, it is an ever fixed marke
 That lookes on tempests and is never shaken;

119. No. corrected to 116—LINTOTT.

SONNETS

It is the star to every wandring barke,
 Whose worths unknowne, although his high be taken.
 Lov's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickles compasse come, 10
 Love alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
 But beares it out even to the edge of doome:
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

117

Accuse me thus, that I have scanted all,
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day,
 That I have frequent binne with unknown mindes,
 And given to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
 That I have hoysted saile to al the windes
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Booke both my wilfulnesse and errors downe,
 And on just prooffe surmise, accumulate, 10
 Bring me within the level of your frowne,
 But shoote not at me in your wakened hate:
 Since my appeale saies I did strive to proove
 The constancy and virtue of your love

118

Like as to make our appetites more keene
 With eager ¹ compounds we our pallat urge, ^{1sharp}
 As to prevent our malladies unseene,
 We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.
 Even so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,
 To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;

116. 8. *worthis* .. *bigtb*: worth's .. heighth—EDITION 1640.

And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,
 To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
 Thus pollicie in love t'anticipate
 The ills that were, not grew to faults assured, 10
 And brought to medicine a healthfull state
 Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
 But thence I learne and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

119

What potion have I drunke of *Syren* teares
 Distil'd from *Lymbecks* foule as hell within,
 Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
 Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed never?
 How have mine eies out of their *Spheares* bene fitted
 In the distraction of this madding fever?
 O benefit of ill, now I find true
 That better is, by evil still made better. 10
 And ruin'd love when it is built anew
 Growes fairer then at first; more strong, far greater.
 So I returne rebukt to my content,
 And gaine by ills thrise more then I have spent.

120

That you were once unkinde be-friends mee now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then didde feele,
 Needes must I under my transgression bow,
 Unlesse my Nerves were brasse or hammered steele.

118. 10. comma after not instead of were—GILDON.

119. 14. *ills*: ill—MALONE.

SONNETS

For if you were by my unkindnesse shaken
 As I by yours, y'have past a hell of Time,
 And I a tyrant have no leasure taken
 To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
 O that our night of wo might have remembred
 My deepest sence, how hard true sorrow hits, 10
 And soone to you, as you to me then tendred
 The humble salve, which wounded bosomes fits!
 But that your trespasse now becomes a fee,
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransome mee.

121

Tis better to be vile then vile esteemed,
 When not to be, receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
 Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
 For why should others false adulterat eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;
 Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
 Noe, I am that I am, and they that leuell
 At my abuses, reckon up their owne, 10
 I may be straight though they them-selves be bevel
 By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shown
 Unlesse this generall evill they maintaine,
 All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

122

Tthy guift,, thy tables, are within my braine
 Full characterd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rancke remaine

120. 6. *y'have*: you've—HUDSON.

121. 4. *others*: others'—MALONE.

12. semicolon after *shown*—SEWELL.

122. 1. *Tthy guift,,*: misprints 1Q. only.

LUCRECE

This said, his guiltie hand pluckt
And with his knee the dore he o
The dove sleeps fast that this nig
Thus treason workes ere traitors
Who sees the lurking serpent step
But shee sound sleeping fearin
Lies at the mercie of his mort

Into the chamber wickedlie he st
And gazeth on her yet unstained
The curtaines being close, about
Rowling his greedie eye-bals in
By their high treason is his heart
Which gives the watch-word
To draw the clowd that hides

RECE

heeke lies under,
awfull kisse:
es to part in sunder,
want his blisse.
ead intombd is;
Monument shee lies,
unhallowed eyes.

390

faire hand was,
ose perfect white
e on the grasse,

If Nature (soveraine misteres over wrack)
 As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill.
 May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
 Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,
 She may detaine, but not still keepe her tresure! 10
 Her *Audite* (though delayd) answer'd must be,
 And her *Quietus* is to render thee.

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127

In the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
 Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:
 But now is blacke beauties successive heire,
 And Beautie slanderd with a bastard shame,
 For since each hand hath put on Natures power,
 Fairing the foule with Arts faulse borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,
 But is prophan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my Mistersse eyes are Raven blacke,
 Her eyes so suted, and they mourners seeme 10
 At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,
 Slandring Creation with a false esteeme,
 Yet so they mourne becomming of their woe,
 That every tounge saies beauty should looke so.

128

How oft when thou my musike musike playst,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayst,
 The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,

126. 5. *misteres*: *mistress*—MALONE.
 skill—LINTOTT.

127. 2. *weare*: *were*—EDITION 1640.
 EDITION 1640.

126. 7. period out after

126. 8. *mynuit*: *minutes*—MALONE.

127. 7. *houre*: *bower*—

127. 9. *Mistersse*: *Mistress*'—SEWELL.

SONNETS

Do I envie those Jackes that nimble leape,
 To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poore lips which should that harvest reape,
 At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand.
 To be so tikled they would change their state,
 And situation with those dancing chips, 10
 Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
 Making dead wood more blest then living lips,
 Since sausie Jackes so happy are in this,
 Give them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse.

129

Th'expence of Spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action, and till action, lust
 Is perjurd, murderous, blouddy full of blame,
 Savage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust,
 Injoyed no sooner but dispised straight,
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
 Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt,
 On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
 Made In pursut and in possession so,
 Had, having, and in quest, to have extreame, 10
 A blisse in prooffe and proud and very wo,
 Before a joy proposd behind a dreame,
 All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

130

My Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
 Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
 If snowe be white, why then her brests are dun:
 If haire be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:

128. 14. *their: thy*—GILDON.

129. 9. *Made: Mad*—GILDON

129. 10. comma after *have* instead of *quest*—MALONE.

11. *proud and very: proved* (prov'd), ■ *very*—MALONE.

130. 2. *Currall: Coral*—GILDON.

I have seene Roses damaskt, red and white,
 But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,
 And in some perfumes is there more delight,
 Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.
 I love to hear her speake, yet well I know,
 'That Musick hath a farre more pleasing sound: 10
 I graunt I never saw a goddesse goe,
 My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground.
 And yet by heaven I thinke my love as rare,
 As any she beli'd with false compare.

131

Thou art as tiranous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell;
 For well thou know'st to my deare doting hart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious Jewell.
 Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love grone;
 'To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.
 And to be sure that is not false I sweare
 A thousand grones but thinking on thy face, 10
 One on anothers necke do witnesse beare
 Thy blacke is fairest in my judgements place.
 In nothing art thou blacke save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slaunder as I thinke proceeds.

132

Thine eies I love, and they as pittying me,
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
 Have put on black, and loving mourners bee,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my paine,

132. 2. torment: torments—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

And truly not the morning Sun of Heaven
 Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' East,
 Nor that full Starre that ushers in the Eaven
 Doth halfe that glory to the sober West
 As those two morning eyes become thy face:
 O let it then as well beseeme thy heart 10
 To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace,
 And sute thy pittie like in every part.
 Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke,
 And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

133

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groane
 For that deepe wound it gives my friend and me;
 I'at not ynough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be.
 Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
 And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,
 Of him, my selfe, and thee I am forsaken,
 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:
 Prison my heart in thy steele bosomes warde,
 But then my friends heart let my poore heart hale, 10
 Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,
 Thou canst not then use rigor in my Jale.
 And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

134

So now I have confest that he is thine,
 And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,
 My selfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine,
 Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kinde,

He learnd but suretie-like to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth binde.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use, 10
 And sue a friend, came debter for my sake,
 So him I loose through my unkinde abuse.
 Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me,
 He paies the whole, and yet I am not free.

135

Who ever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*
 And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in over-plus,
 More then enough am I that vexe thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou whose will is large and spatious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
 Shall will in others seeme right gracious,
 And in my will no faire acceptance shine:
 The sea all water, yet receives raine still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store, 10
 So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,
 One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
 Let no unkinde, no faire beseechers kill,
 Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

136

If thy soule check thee that I come so ncere,
 Sweare to thy blind soule that I was thy *Will*,
 And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,
 Thus farre for love, my love-sute sweet fullfill.
Will, will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
 I fill it full with wils, and my will one,

135. 2. 100: to-SEWELL.

136. 4. commas after love-suit and sweet-MALONE.

SONNETS

In things of great receipt with ease we proove,
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the number let me passe untold,
 Though in thy stores account I one must be, 10
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold,
 That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee.
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lovest me for my name is *Will*.

137

Thou blinde foole love, what doost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold and see not what they see:
 They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by over-partiall lookes,
 Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
 Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,
 Whereto the judgement of my heart is tide?
 Why should my heart thinke that a severall plot,
 Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not 11
 To put faire truth upon so foule a face,
 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

138

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do beleeeve her though I know she lyes,
 That she might thinke me some untutered youth,
 Unlearned in the worlds false subtilties.
 Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
 Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,

136. 10. *stores: stores'*—MALONE.

Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress:
 But wherefore sayes she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10
 O loves best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love, loves not t'have yeares told.
 Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

139

O call not me to justifie the wrong,
 That thy unkindnesse layes upon my heart,
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tounge.
 Use power with power, and slay me not by Art.
 Tell me thou lov'st else-where; but in my sight,
 Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
 What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might
 Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide?
 Let me excuse thee ah my love well knowes,
 Her prettie lookes have beene mine enemies, 10
 And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,
 That they else-where might dart their injuries:
 Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,
 Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

140

Be wise as thou art cruell, do not presse
 My tounge tide patience with too much disdain:
 Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
 The manner of my pittie wanting paine.
 If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
 Though not to love, yet love to tell me so,

138. 12. *t'have*: to have—PASS. PILG.140. 5. *weare*: were—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
 No newes but health from their Phisitions know
 For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,
 And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee, 10
 Now this ill wresting world is growne so bad,
 Madde slanderers by madde eares beleeeved be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde,
 Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe
 wide. |

141

In faith I doe not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note,
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they dispise,
 Who in dispight of view is pleasd to dote.
 Nor are mine eares with thy tounge tune delighted,
 Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensuall feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits, nor my five sences can
 Diswade one foolish heart from serving thee, 10
 Who leaves unswai'd the likenesse of a man,
 Thy proud hearts slave and vassall wretch to be:
 Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
 That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

142

Love is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
 Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull loving,
 O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,
 And thou shalt finde it merrits not reprooving,
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seald false bonds of love as oft as mine,
 Robd others beds revenues of their rents.

Be it lawfull I love thee as thou lov'st those,
 Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee, 10
 Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
 Thy pittie may deserve to pittied bee.
 If thou doost seeke to have what thou doost hide,
 By selfe example mai'st thou be denide.

143

Loe as a carefull huswife runnes to catch,
 One of her fethered creatures broake away,
 Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay:
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busie care is bent,
 To follow that which flies before her face:
 Not prizing her poore infants discontent;
 So runst thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind, 10
 But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
 And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.
 So will I pray that thou maist have thy *Will*,
 If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

144

Two loves I have of comfort and dispaire,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still,
 The better angell is ■ man right faire:
 The worser spirit a woman collour'd il.
 To win me soone to hell my femall evill,
 Tempteth my better angel from my sight,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a divel:
 Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.

143. 12. comma after part—EDITION 1640.

144. 6. *sigbt*: side—PASS. PILG.

SONNETS

And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
 Suspect I may yet not directly tell,
 But being both from me both to each friend,
 I gesse one angel in an others hel.
 Yet this shal I nere know but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my goode one out.

10

145

Those lips that Loves owne hand did make,
 Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,
 To me that languisht for her sake:
 But when she saw my wofull state,
 Straight in her heart did mercie come,
 Chiding that tongue that ever sweet,
 Was usde in giving gentle dome:
 And tought it thus a new to greete:
 I hate she alterd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day,
 Doth follow night who like a fiend
 From heaven to hell is flowne away.
 I hate, from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life saying not you.

10

146

Poore soule the center of my sinfull earth,
 My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
 Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?
 Why so large cost having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?

144. 9. *finde: fiend (feend)*—PASS. PILG. 145. 7. *dome: doom (doome)*—EDITION 1640.

146. 2. *My sinfull earth: omitted and elision shown, making line thus: ... these rebel powers that thee array*—CAMBRIDGE.

Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse
 Eate up thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
 Then soule live thou upon thy servants losse,
 And let that pine to aggravat thy store; 10
 Buy tearmes divine in selling houres of drosse:
 Within be fed, without be rich no more,
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

147

My love is as ■ feaver longing still,
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 Th'uncertaine sicklie appetite to please:
 My reason the Phisition to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
 Desire is death, which Phisick did except.
 Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
 And frantick madde with ever-more unrest, 10
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
 At randon from the truth vainely exprest.
 For I have sworne thee faire, and thought thee
 bright, |
 Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

148

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight,
 Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,
 What meanes the world to say it is not so?

147. 7. period out after approve—KNIGHT.

12. *randon*: random—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

If it be not, then love doth well denote,
 Loves eye is not so true as all mens: no,
 How can it? O how can loves eye be true,
 That is so vext with watching and with teares? 10
 No marvaile then though I mistake my view,
 The sunne it selfe sees not, till heaven cleeres.
 O cunning love, with teares thou keepst me blinde,
 Least eyes well seeing thy foule faults should finde.

149

Canst thou O cruell, say I love thee not,
 When I against my selfe with thee pertake:
 Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
 Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
 On whom froun'st thou that I doe faune upon,
 Nay if thou lowrst on me doe I not spend
 Revenge upon my selfe with present inone?
 What merrit do I in my selfe respect,
 That is so proude thy service to dispise, 10
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
 But love hate on for now I know thy minde,
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

150

Oh from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway,
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swere that brightnesse doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becomming of things il,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?

148. 8. mens: no: mens 'No'-GLOBE.

Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I heare and see just cause of hate, 10
 Oh though I love what others doe abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state.
 If thy unworthinesse raisd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

151

Love is too young to know what conscience is,
 Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of love,
 Then gentle cheater urge not my amisse,
 Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe prove.
 For thou betraying me, I doe betray
 My nobler part to my grosse bodies treason,
 My soule doth tell my body that he may,
 Triumph in love, flesh staies no farther reason,
 But rysing at thy name doth point out thee, 10
 As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poore drudge to be
 To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call,
 Her love, for whose deare love I rise and fall.

152

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworne,
 But thou art twice forsworne to me love swearing.
 In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing:
 But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
 When I breake twenty: I am perjur'd most,
 For all my vowes are othes but to misuse thee:
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost.

151. 7. comma out after may—LINTOTT.

SONNETS

For I have sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse.
 Othes of thy love, thy truth, thy constancie, 10
 And to inlighten thee gave eyes to blindnesse,
 Or made them swere against the thing they see.
 For I have sworne thee faire: more perjurde eye,
 To swere against the truth so foule a lie.

153

Cupid laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,
 A maide of *Dyans* this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steepe
 In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground:
 Which borrowd from this holie fire of love,
 A dateless lively heat still to indure,
 And grew a seething bath which yet men prove,
 Against strange malladies a soveraigne cure:
 But at thy mistres eie loves brand new fired,
 The boy for triall needes would touch my brest, 10
 I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,
 And thether hied a sad distemperd guest.
 But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
 Where *Cupid* got new fire; my mistres eye.

154

The little Love-God lying once a sleepe,
 Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,
 Whilst many Nymphes that you'd chast life to keep,
 Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,
 The fayrest votary tooke up that fire,
 Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,
 And so the Generall of hot desire,
 Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.

152. 13. eye: I-Sewall. 153. 4. could: cold-EDITION 1640.
 153. 14. eye: eyes-EDITION 1640.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

This brand she quenched in a coole Well by,
Which from loves fire took heat perpetuall, 10
Growing ■ bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diseasd, but I my Mistrisse thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I prove,
Loves fire heates water, water cooles not love.

FINIS.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

FROM off a hill whose concave wombe reworded,
A plaintfull story from a sistring vale
My spirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espied ■ fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

Upon her head a plattid hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw
The carkas of a beauty spent and donne, 11
Time had not sithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but spight of heavens fell rage,
Some beauty pcept, through lettice of scar'd age.

Oft did she heave her Napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charecters:
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares:
As often striking undistinguisht wo, 20
In clamours of all size both high and low.

3. *doble*: double—EDITION 1640.

12. *sithed*: *scythed*—EWING.

14. *lettice*: *lattice*—2SEWELL.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

Some-times her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battry to the spheres intend:
 Sometime diverted their poore balls are tide,
 To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend,
 Their view right on, anon their gases lend,
 To every place at once and no where fixt,
 The mind and sight distractedly commxit.

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in formall plat,
 Proclaimd in her a careless hand of pride; 30
 For some untuck'd descended her shev'd¹ hat.
 Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside, ¹*straw*
 Some in her threedden fillet still did bide,
 And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund² she drew,
 Of amber cristall and of bedded Jet, ²*hand-basket*
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set,
 Like usery applying wet to wet, 40
 Or Monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
 Where want cries some; but where excesse begs all.

Of folded schedulls had she many a one,
 Which she perus'd, sighd, tore and gave the flud,
 Crackt many a ring of Posied gold and bone,
 Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,
 Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood,

26. *gases*: *gazes*—EDITION 1640.

28. *commxit*: *commix'd*—EDITION 1640.

31. *shev'd*: *sheaved*—ISEWELL.

33. *tbreedden*: *threaden*—GILDON.

37. *bedded*: *beaded*—SEWELL.

40. *usery*: *usury*—EDITION 1640.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

With sleided silke,¹ feate and affectedly ¹*floss silk*
 Enswath'd and seald to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eies, 50
 And often kist, and often gave to teare,
 Cried O false blood thou register of lies,
 What unapproved witnes doost thou beare!
 Inke would have seemd more blacke and damned heare!
 This said in top of rage the lines she rents,
 Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattell ny,
 Sometime a blusterer that the ruffle knew
 Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by 60
 The swiftest houres observed as they flew,
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:
 And priviledg'd by age desires to know
 In breefe the grounds and motives of her wo.

So slides he downe uppon his greyned bat;
 And comely distant sits he by her side,
 When hee againe desires her, being satte,
 Her greevance with his hearing to deuide:
 If that from him there may be ought applied
 Which may her suffering extasie asswage
 Tis promist in the charitie of age. 70

Father she saies, though in mee you behold
 The injury of many a blasting houre;
 Let it not tell your Judgement I am old,
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power;
 I might as yet have bene a spreading flower

51. *gave*: 'gan—MALONE.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applyed
Love to my selfe, and to no Love beside.

But wo is mee, too early I attended
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace;
O one by natures outwards so commended, 80
That maidens eyes stucke over all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lippes their silken parcels hurles,
Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde:
For on his visage was in little drawne, 90
What largenesse thinkes in parradise was sawne.

Smal shew of man was yet upon his chinne,
His phenix downe began but to appeare
Like unshorne velvet, on that termlesse skin
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.
Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beautious as his forme,
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free; 100
Yet if men mov'd him, was he such a storme
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,
When windes breath sweet, unruly though they bee.
His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falsenesse in a pride of truth.

80. O: Of-MALONE. 95. ^{where:} were: wear (weare)-EDITION 1640.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
 That horse his mettell from his rider takes
 Proud of subjection, noble by the swaie,
 What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he
 makes |

And controversie hence a question takes, 110
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his mannad'g, by'th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went,
 His reall habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his case:
 All ayds them-selves made fairer by their place,
 Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme
 Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120
 All kinde of arguments and question deepe,
 Al replication prompt, and reason strong
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
 To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weepe
 He had the dialect and different skil,
 Catching al passions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general bosome raigne
 Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
 To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine
 In personal duty, following where he haunted, 130
 Consent's bewicht, ere he desire have granted,
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
 Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

112. *mannad'g*: manage—MALONE.

118. *Can*: Came—ISEWELL.

131. *Consent's*: Consents—MALONE.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

Many there were that did his picture gette
To serve their eies, and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th'imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And laboring in moe pleasures to bestow them, 139
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many have that never toucht his hand
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his heart:
My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand,
And was my owne fee simple (not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalke and gave him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did,
Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded,
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde, 150
With safest distance I mine honour sheelded.
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded
Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
Of this false Jewell, and his amorous spoile.

But ah who ever shun'd by precedent,
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content
To put the by-past perrils in her way?
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay:
For when we rage, advise is often seene 160
By blunting us to make our wits more keene.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That wee must curb it upon others prooffe,

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,
 For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe;
 O appetite from judgement stand aloofe!
 The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,
 Though reason weepe and cry it is thy last.

For further I could say this mans untrue,
 And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling, 170
 Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
 Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,
 Knew vowes, were ever brokers to defiling,
 Thought Characters and words meerly but art,
 And bastards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long upon these termes I held my Citty,
 Till thus hee gan besiege me: Gentle maid
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pittie
 And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
 Thats to ye sworne to none was ever said, 180
 For feasts of love I have bene call'd unto
 Till now did nere invite nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see
 Are errors of the blood none of the mind:
 Love made them not, with acture they may be,
 Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,
 They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
 And so much lesse of shame in me remaines,
 By how much of me their reproch containes,

Among the many that mine eyes have seene, 190
 Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,
 Or my affection put to th, smallest teene,
 Or any of my leisures ever Charmed,

164. *seemes*: seem—GILDON.

182. *vow*: woo—DYCE.

192. *th*: the—EDITION 1640.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

Harme have I done to them but nere was harmed,
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine owne was free,
And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood:
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of greefe and blushes, aptly understood 200
In bloodlesse white, and the encrimson'd moof,
Effects of terror and deare modesty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold these tallents¹ of their heir, ¹*loquets*
With twisted mettle amorously empleacht² ²*entwoven*
I have receav'd from many a several faire,
Their kind acceptance, wepingly beseecht,
With th'annexions of faire gems inricht,
And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie
Each stones deare Nature, worth and quallity. 210

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,
Whereto his invis'd³ properties did tend, ³*invisible*
The deepe greene Emrald in whose fresh regard,
Weake sights their sickly radience do amend.
The heaven hewd Saphir and the Opall blend
With objects manyfold; each severall stone,
With wit well blazond smil'd or made some mone.

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdew'd desires the tender,
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not, 220
But yeeld them up where I my selfe must render:
That is to you my origin and ender:

197. *beare*: here—EDITION 1640. 198. *palyd*: *paled*—MALONE.
204. *beir*: *hair* (*haire*)—EDITION 1640. 208. *th'*: *the*—MALONE.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

For these of force must your oblations be,
 Since I their Aulter, you enpatrone me.

Oh then advance (of yours) that phraseles hand,
 Whose white weighes downe the airy scale of praise,
 Take all these similies to your owne command,
 Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise:
 What me your minister for you obaies
 Workes under you, and to your audit comes 230
 Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this device was sent me from ■ Nun,
 Or Sister sanctified of holiest note,
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
 Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote,
 For she was sought by spirits of ritchest cote,¹
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
 To spend her living in eternall love. ¹*coat of arms*

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leave,
 The thing we have not, mastring what not strives, 240
 Playing the Place which did no forme receive,
 Playing patient sports in unconstraind gives,
 She that her fame so to her selfe contrives,
 The scarres of battaile scapeth by the flight,
 And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,
 The accident which brought me to her eie,
 Upon the moment did her force subdewe,
 And now she would the caged cloister flie:
 Religious love put out religions eye: 250
 Not to be tempted would she be enur'd,
 And now to tempt all liberty procure.

242. *gives: gyves*—MALONE. 252. *procure: procured*—GILDON.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,
 Have emptied all their fountaines in my well:
 And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:
 I strong ore them and you ore me being strong,
 Must for your victorie us all congest,
 As compound love to phisick your cold brest.

My parts had powre to charme ■ sacred Sunne, 260
 Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,
 Beleev'd her eies, when they t'assaile begun,
 All vowes and consecrations giving place:
 O most potentiall love, vowe, bond, nor space
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine-
 For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impresses what are precepts worth
 Of stale example? when thou wilt inflame,
 How coldly those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame, 270
 Loves armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst sence, gainst
 shame |
 And sweetens in the suffring pangues it beares,
 The *Alloes* of all forces, shockes and feares.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,
 Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
 And supplicant their sighes to you extend
 To leave the battrie that you make gainst mine,
 Lending soft audience, to my sweet designe,
 And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth,
 That shall preferre and undertake my troth. 280

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

This said, his watrie eies he did dismount,
 Whose sightes till then were leaveld on my face,
 Each cheeke a river running from a fount,
 With brynish currant downe-ward flowed ■ pace:
 Oh how the channell to the streame gave grace!
 Who glaz'd with Christall gate the glowing Roses,
 That flame through water which their hew incloses,

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
 In the small orb of one perticular teare?
 But with the inundation of the eies: 290
 What rocky heart to water will not weare?
 What brest so cold that is not warmed heare,
 Of cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath:
 Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,
 Even there resolv'd my reason into teares,
 There my white stole of chastity I daft,
 Shooke off my sober gardes, and civill feares,
 Appeare to him as he to me appeares:
 All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore, 300
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtile matter,
 Applied to Cautills, all straing formes receives,
 Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
 Or sounding palenesse: and he takes and leaves,
 In eithers aptnesse as it best deceives:
 To blush at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes
 Or to turne white and sound at tragick showes.

297. *daft*: *daff'd*—MALONE.

303. *straing*: *strange*—EDITION 1640.

305. *sounding*: *swounding*—CAMBRIDGE.

308. *sound*: *swound*—CAMBRIDGE.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

That not a heart which in his leuell came,
Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayme, 310
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maim
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaime
When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,
He preacht pure maide, and praised cold chastitie.

Thus meere with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he coverd,
That th'unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like ■ Cherubin above them hoverd,
Who young and simple would not be so loverd. 320
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should doe againe for such a sake.

O that infected moysture of his eye,
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowd:
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed,
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new pervert a reconciled Maide.

FINIS.

THE
PASSIONATE
PILGRIME

By W. Shakespeare.

AT LONDON

PRINTED FOR W. JAGGARD, AND ARE
TO BE SOLD BY W. LEAKE, AT THE GREY-
HOUND IN PAULES CHURCHYARD.

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THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

WHEN my Love sweares that she is made of truth,
 I doe beleeeve her (though I know she lies)
 That she might thinke me some untutor'd youth,
 Unskilfull in the worlds false forgeries.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinkes me young,
 Although I know my yeares be past the best:
 I smiling, credite her false speaking tounge,
 Outfacing faults in Love, with loves ill rest.
 But wherefore sayes my Love that she is young?
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old? 10
 O, Loves best habite is ■ soothing tounge,
 And Age (in Love) loves not to have yeares told.
 Therfore Ile lye with Love, and Love with me,
 Since that our faults in Love thus smother'd be.

Two Loves I have, of Comfort, and Despaire,
 That like two Spirits, do suggest me still:
 My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
 My worser spirite a Woman (colour'd ill.)
 To winne me soone to hell, my Female evill
 Tempteth my better Angell from my side, 20
 And would corrupt my Saint to be a Divell,
 Wooing his purity with her faire pride.
 And whether that my Angell be turnde feend,
 Suspect I may (yet not directly tell:
 For being both to me: both, to each friend,
 I ghesse one Angell in anothers hell:

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

Did not the heavenly Rhetorike of thine eie,
Gainst whom the world could not hold argument, 30
Perswade my hart to this false perjurie:
Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore: but I will prove
Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine. 40

If by me broke, what foole is not so wise
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradise?

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a lovely looke,
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties queen.
She told him stories, to delight his eares:
She shew'd him favors, to allure his eie:
To win his hart, she toucht him here and there,
Touches so soft still conquer chastitie. 50
But whether unripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refusde to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But smile, and jeast, at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her backe, faire queen, & toward
He rose and ran away, ah foole too froward.

If Love make me forsworn, how shal I swere to love?
 O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
 Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile constant prove,
 those thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Osiers
 bowed. | 60

Studdy his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eies,
 where all those pleasures live, that Art can comprehend:
 If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice:
 Wel learned is that tounge that well can thee commend,
 All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder,
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admyre:
 Thine eye Joves lightning seems, thy voice his dreadfull
 thunder |

which (not to anger bent) is musick & sweet fire
 Celestiall as thou art, O, do not love that wrong:69
 To sing heavens praise, with such an earthly tounge.

Scarse had the Sunne dride up the deawy morne,
 And scarce the heard gone to the hedge for shade:
 When Cytherea (all in Love forlorne)
 A longing tariance for Adonis made
 Under an Osyer growing by ■ brooke,
 A brooke, where Adon usde to coole his spleene:
 Hot was the day, she hotter that did looke
 For his approach, that often there had beene.
 Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
 And stood starke naked on the brookes greene brim:80
 The Sunne look't on the world with glorious eie,
 Yet not so wistly, as this Queene on him:
 He spying her, bounst in (whereas he stood)
 Oh Jove (quoth she) why was not I a flood?

Faire but Fickle, }
Barnfield's Sonnet }

THE PASSIONATE

Faire is my love, but not so faire as fickle.

Milde as a Dove, but neither true nor trustie,
Brighter then glasse, and yet as glasse is brittle,
Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron rusty:

A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her. 90

Her lips to mine how often hath she joyned,
Betweene each kisse her othes of true love swearing:
How many tales to please me hath she coyned,
Dreading my love, the losse whereof still fearing.
Yet in the mids of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were jeastings.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out love, as soone as straw out burneth:
She framd the love, and yet she foyld the framing,
She bad love last, and yet she fell a turning. 100
Was this a lover, or a Letcher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

If Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needs (the Sister and the brother)
Then must the love be great twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deere, whose heavenly tuch
Upon the Lute, dooth ravish humane sense:
Spenser to me, whose deepe Conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence. 110
Thou lov'st to heare the sweet melodious sound,
That Phœbus Lute (the Queene of Musicke) makes:
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.

One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loves Both, and both in thee remaine.

Faire was the morne, when the faire Queene of love,
Paler for sorrow then her milke white Dove,
For Adons sake, a youngster proud and wilde,
Her stand she takes upon a steepe up hill. 120
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,
She silly Queene, with more then loves good will,
Forbad the boy he should not passe those grounds,
Once (quoth she) did I see a faire sweet youth
Here in these brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,
Deepe in the thigh ■ spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore,
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

Sweet Rose, faire flower, untimely pluckt, soon faded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring. 131
Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely shaded,
Faire creature kilde too soon by Deaths sharpe sting:
Like ■ greene plumbe that hangs upon a tree:
And fals (through winde) before the fall should be.

I weepe for thee, and yet no cause I have,
For why: thou lefts me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou lefts me more then I did crave,
For why: I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes (deare friend I pardon crave of thee, 140
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

117-18. omission of one line indicated—MALONE.

130. *faded: vaded*—GILDON. 137, 138. *lefts: leftst*—MALONE.

Griffin's Sonnet, }
Crabbed Age }

THE PASSIONATE

Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a Mirtle shade began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god Mars did trie her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac't me:
And then she clipt Adonis in her armes:
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac't me,
As if the boy should use like loving charmes:
Even thus (quoth she) he seized on my lippes, 150
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kisse and clip me till I run away.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together,
Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care,
Youth like summer morne, Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, Ages breath is short, 160
Youth is nimble, Age is lame
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,
O my love my love is young:
Age I doe defie thee. Oh sweet Shepheard hie thee:
For me thinks thou staies too long.

Beauty is but ■ vaine and doubtfull good,
A shining glosse, that vadeth sodainly,

142. *with Adonis*: with young Adonis—GRIFFIN'S 'FIDESSA.'

145. *ber, she fell*: her, so fell she—GRIFFIN'S 'FIDESSA.'

167. *staies*: stay'st—EWING.

A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud, 170
 A brittle glasse, that's broken presently.
 A doubtfull good, a glosse, a glasse, ■ flower,
 Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods lost, are seld or never found,
 As vaded glosse no rubbing will refresh:
 As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
 As broken glasse no symant can redresse.
 So beauty blemisht once, for ever lost,
 In spite of phisicke, painting, paine and cost.

Good night, good rest, ah neither be my share, 180
 She bad good night, that kept my rest away,
 And daft me to ■ cabben hangde with care:
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.
 Farewell (quoth she) and come againe to morrow
 Fare well I could not, for I supt with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorne or friendship, nill I conster whether:
 'Tmay be she joyd to jeast at my exile,
 'Tmay be againe, to make me wander thither.
 Wander (a word) for shadowes like my selfe, 190
 As take the paine but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord how mine eies throw gazes to the East,
 My hart doth charge the watch, the morning rise
 Doth scite each moving scence from idle rest,
 Not daring trust the office of mine eies.

177. *symant*: cement—SEWELL. 178. *once*: once's—CAMBRIDGE.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME

While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her layes were tuned like the larke.

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditte,
And drives away darke dreaming night:
The night so packt, I post unto my pretty, 200
Hart hath his hope, and eies their wished sight,
Sorrow changd to solace, and solace mixt with sor-
row, |
For why, she sight, and bad me come to morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soone,
But now are minutes added to the houres:
To spite me now, ech minute seemes an houre,
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers.
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow
Short night to night, and length thy selfe to morrow.

199. *darke dreaming*: dark dismal-dreaming—MALONE.

203. *sight*: sigh'd—GILDON.

206. *an boure*: ■ moon—MALONE.

SONNETS

TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE.

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SONNETS

TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE

IT was ■ Lordings daughter, the fairest one of three
 That liked of her maister, ■ well as well might be,
 Till looking on ■ Englishman, the fairest that eie could
 see, |

Her fancie fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtfull, that love with love did
 fight |

To leave the maister lovelesse, or kill the gallant knight,
 To put in practise either, alas it was a spite

Unto the silly damsell.

But one must be refused, more mickle was the paine,
 That nothing could be used, to turne them both to gaine.
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
 disdain, | 11

Alas she could not helpe it.

Thus art with armes contending, was victor of the day,
 Which by a gift of learning, did beare the maid away,
 Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay,
 For now my song is ended.

On a day (alacke the day)
 Love whose month was ever May
 Spied a blossome passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton ayre,
 Through the velvet leaves the wind
 All unseene gan passage find,

That the lover (sicke to death)
 Wisht himselfe the heavens breath,
 Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe
 Ayre, would I might triumph so
 But (alas) my hand hath sworne,
 Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,
 Vow (alacke) for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,
 Thou for whome Jove would sweare,
 Juno but an Ethiope were
 And deny hymselfe for Jove
 Turning mortall for thy Love.

30

My flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
 My Rams speed not, all is amis:
 Love is dying, Faithes defying,
 Harts nenyng, causer of this.
 All my merry Jigges are quite forgot,
 All my Ladies love is lost (god wot)
 Where her faith was firmly fixt in love,
 There a nay is plact without remove.
 One silly crosse, wrought all my losse,
 O frowning fortune cursed fickle dame,
 For now I see, inconstancy,
 More in wowed then in men remaine.

40

28. *throne: thorn*—'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'

35-8. 8 ll ending feed not, breed not, speed not, amissa, denying, defying, renyng, this—MALONE.

37. *Love is dying: Love's denying* (Love is denying—'ENGLAND'S HELICON')—MALONE. *Faitbes: Faith's*—GILDON.

38. *nenying: renyng*—'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'

43. 2 rhymed ll.—MALONE.

45. 2 rhymed ll.—MALONE.

46. *wowen: misprint for women*, 1Q.

In blacke morne I, all feares scorne I,
 Love hath forlorne me, living in thrall:
 Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
 O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall. 50
 My shepheards pipe can sound no deale,
 My weathers bell rings dolefull knell,
 My curtaile dogge that wont to have plaid,
 Plaies not at all but seemes afraid.

With sighes so deepe, procures to weepe,
 In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight,
 How sighes resound through hartles ground
 Like a thousand vanquisht men in blodie fight.

Cleare wels spring not, sweete birds sing not,
 Greene plants bring not forth their die, 60
 Heards stands weeping, flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphes blacke peeping fearefully:
 All our pleasure knowne to us poore swaines:
 All our merrie meetings on the plaines;
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for love is dead,
 Farewell sweet love thy like nere was,
 For a sweet content the cause of all my woe,
 Poore Coridon must live alone,
 Other helpe for him I see that there is none. 70

47-50. 8 ll. ending mourn I, scorn I, forlorn me, thrall, bleeding, needing, speeding, gall-MALONE.

55. 2 rhymed ll.-MALONE.

57. 2 rhymed ll.-MALONE.

59-62. 8 ll. ending spring not, sing not, bring not, dye, weeping, sleeping, peeping, fearfully-MALONE.

61. *stands*: stand-'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'

67. *love*: lass-MALONE. 2 ll. ending lass, was-MALONE.

68. *woe*: moan-'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'

69. 2 ll. ending Corydon, alone-MALONE.

When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
 And stalde the deare that thou shouldst strike,
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy (party all might)
 Take counsell of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou comst thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tounge with filed talke,
 Least she some subtill practise smell,
 A Cripple soone can finde a halt,
 But plainly say thou lovst her well,
 And set her person forth to sale.

80

What though her frowning browes be bent
 Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,
 And then too late she will repent,
 That thus dissembled her delight.
 And twice desire yer it be day,
 That which with scorne she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
 And ban and braule, and say the nay:
 Her feeble force will yeeld at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to say:
 Had women beene so strong as men
 In faith you had not had it then.

90

And to her will frame all thy waies,
 Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,

72. *deare*: deer—GILDON.

74. *party all might*: partial might—MALONE.

82. *sale*: sell—MALONE.

84, 87. *yer*: ere—EDITION 1640

90. *the*: thee—EDITION 1612.

Where thy desart may merit praise
By ringing in thy Ladies eare,
The strongest castle, tower and towne,
The goldenbullet beats it downe. 100

Serve alwaies with assured trust,
And in thy sute be humble true,
Unlesse thy Lady prove unjust,
Prease never thou to chuse a new:
When time shall serve, be thou not slacke,
To proffer though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Dissembled with an outward shew;
'The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
'The Cock that treads them shall not know, 110
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A Womans nay doth stand for nought.

Thinke Women still to strive with men,
To sinne and never for to saint,
There is no heaven (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attaint,
Were kisses all the joyes in bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I feare,
Least that my mistresse heare my song, 120
She will not stick to round me on th'are,
'To teach my tounge to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To heare her secrets so bewraid.

104. *Prease*: Press—GILDON.

116. *sballe*: doth—MALONE. 121. *on tb'are*: i' the ear—MALONE.

Marlowe's Song }
Barnfield's Song }

SONNETS TO

Live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
By shallow Rivers, by whose fals
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

130

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant poses,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of Mirtle.

A belt of straw and Ivyebuds,
With Corall Clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

140

Loves answere.

If that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every shepheards tounge,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy Love.

As it fell upon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of Myrtles made,
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring.

150

128. *yeeld*: yields—EDITION 1640.

Every thing did banish mone,
 Save the Nightingale alone.
 Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
 Leand her breast up-till a thorne,
 And there sung the dolefullst Ditty,
 That to heare it was great Pitty,
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
 Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to heare her so complaine, 160
 Scarce I could from teares refraine:
 For her griefes so lively showne,
 Made me thinke upon mine owne.
 Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine,
 None takes pittie on thy paine:
 Senselesse Trees, they cannot heare thee,
 Ruthlesse Beares, they will not cheere thee.
 King Pandion, he is dead:
 All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
 All thy fellow Birds doe sing, 170
 Carelesse of thy sorrowing.
 [Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.]

Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,
 Thou and I, were both beguild.
 Every one that flatters thee,
 Is no friend in miserie:
 Words are easie, like the wind,
 Faithfull friends are hard to find:
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:

167. *Beares: beasts*—'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'

171-2. bracketed ll.—'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'

SONNETS TO MUSICKE

But if store of Crownes be scant,
No man will supply thy want
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call:
And with such-like flattering,
Pitty but he were a King. 180

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him, they will intice.
If to Women hee be bent,
They have at Commaundement.
But if Fortune once doe frowne, 190
Then farewell his great renowne:
They that fawnd on him before
Use his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeede,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:
If thou sorrow, he will weepe:
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe:
Thus of every griefe, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a part.
These are certaine signes, to know 200
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.

185. marked as a quotation—MALONE.

[Concluding portion of Chester's ■ Loves Martyr
or Rosalins Complaint, allegorically shadowing the
Truth of Love in the constant Fate of the Phoenix
and Turtle.']

HEREAFTER

FOLLOW DIVERSE

Poeticall Essaies on the former Sub-
ject; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*.

Done by the best and chieftest of our
moderne writers, with their names sub-
scribed to their particular workes:

never before extant.

And (now first) consecrated by them all generally,
to the love and merite of the true-noble Knight,

Sir John Salisburie.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

MDCI.

PHŒNIX AND TURTLE

LET the bird of lowdest lay,
On the sole *Arabian* tree,
Herauld sad and trumpet be:
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shriking harbinger,
Foule precurrer of the fiend,
Augour of the fevers end,
To this troupe come thou not neere.

From this Session interdict
Every foule of tyrant wing,
Save the Eagle feath' red King,
Keepe the obsequie so strict.

10

Let the Priest in Surples white,
That defunctive Musicke can,
Be the death-devining Swan,
Lest the *Requiem* lacke his right.

And thou treble dated Crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st,
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

20

18-19. *mak'st* .. *giv'st* .. *tak'st*; makest .. givest .. takest-
CAMBRIDGE. 20. *Mongst*: 'Mongst-EDITION 1640.

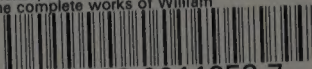
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